The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1916.

Summary of the News

With the submarine issue presumably out of the way and the Republican and Progressive conventions growing nearer, domestic politics have figured more prominently in the news than at any time since the war began. Col. Roosevelt on Monday definitely accepted the action of a committee of twenty-four prominent Republicans in organizing a national movement to procure his nomination at the Republican Convention on June 7. This action came as a sequel to a vigorous speech by the Colonel at Detroit on May 19, which may be regarded as the opening bombardment of his campaign. A more extended speaking tour, embracing Chicago, Kansas City, and St. Louis, has been mapped out for next week. The strength of Justice Hughes meanwhile, as exemplified last week in the Presidential primaries of Oregon, appears to grow apace, despite the fact that all efforts have failed to draw from him either a declaration of policies or an admission that he will accept the nomination if it is offered.

A new note, under date of May 12, delivered last week by Germany to neutral governments, has been regarded as further evidence of the German intention to preserve the proprieties in submarine warfare. The note suggests to neutral governments that vessels be warned, in the event of their being stopped by submarines, not to turn their prows in the direction of the submarine, as this will be regarded by German commanders as indication of an intention to attack. The Austrian Government also addressed a note to neutral governments on May 16, calling their attention to the circumstances of the torpedoing of the Austrian merchant ship Dubrovnik in the Adriatic, note of which we made last week.

The case of the Dutch liner Tubantia, torpedoed on March 16, remains unsettled. The German Government, according to an official Dutch statement of May 18, admitted that the pieces of metal found and submitted as evidence were parts of a German torpedo, but declared that this particular torpedo was not fired at the Tubantia on March 16, but at a British warship on March 6, missing its mark. Possibly the confusion between the figures 16 and 6 may be similar to that which existed between the submarine commander's sketch of the Sussex and the actual lines of that vessel. At any rate, dispatches on Monday informed us that the Dutch Government had decided not to accept the explanation.

In the case of some vessels which have been reported sunk during the past week, it has not been ascertained whether a mine or a torpedo was responsible. The British liner Eretria, which we reported torpedoed last week, it has been definitely established, was sunk by a mine. The same may be true of the Dutch liner, Batavier V, which dispatches of May 17 reported blown up in the North Sea. There still exists some doubt, however, as to the cause of this disaster. Thirteen other ships have been reported sunk; two British, two French, three Italian, three Greek, one Spanish, one Swedish, and one Danish. A decision of the Hamburg Prize Court, in the cases of certain Norwegian and Danish vessels, reported in dispatches from Berlin of May 21, holds that the torpedoing of the vessels was justified because more than half of their cargoes was contraband. British and Russian submarine activity has been resumed in the Baltic, seven German vessels having been torpedoed there in the past week.

Dispatches from Washington on Tuesday announced that the new American note of protest against British seizures of American and other neutral mails was ready and would go forward immediately.

Announcement was made by Count Bernstorff on May 18 that instructions had been given to German consuls in the United States to warn German citizens in their respective districts that they were expected to obey American laws.

Secretary Lansing on May 16 made public the text of his note of March 2 to Count Bernstorff in regard to the status of the British steamship Appam. The State Department refuses to accept the German contention that under the Prussian-American treaty of 1799 the Appam should be entitled to asylum in an American port. No action, however, will be taken in the case until the Supreme Court shall have rendered its decision in the libel proceedings instituted by the British owners.

President Wilson's speech before the National Press Club was published in the papers of May 17. The gist of his utterance was that it was the duty of this country to keep out of the war in order that it might be able to assist in the reëstablishment of peace. A particular passage in the speech, in which the President alluded to the madness and irresponsibility of the fighting nations, has provoked criticism in France, the *Temps* commenting: "The nations struggling for independence, dignity, and existence feel hurt when their reason is brought in question."

The week has been marked by considerable activity on various fronts of the war. A strong Austrian offensive was launched on the southern Tyrol front early last week and has met with considerable initial success, notably in the storming of the Armentara peak, which was reported in Monday's dispatches. The serious character of the offensive is indicated by the number of prisoners taken, which on Tuesday was given as nearly 24,000. The object of the offensive, apart from the obvious one of anticipating and breaking up the long-promised Allied drive, is thought to be the acquisition of positions on the Alps above Vicenza, which would command the whole Venetian region and would constitute a threat against the main Italian army on the Isonzo. At Verdun violent German attacks, which were temporarily successful, have been succeeded by a French offensive which has recovered ground on both sides of the Meuse and has regained almost the whole of Fort Douaumont. From Mesopotamia on Monday came the news, for the present probably more interesting than important, that Cossack cavalry had joined the British forces on the Tigris "after a bold and adventurous ride." Official dispatches from Gen. Lake of May 20 showed that the right or south bank of the Tigris was almost clear of the enemy, and that Gen. Gorringe's forces had virtually reached Kut-el-Amara.

Reports from Germany indicate that the food question continues acute. Dispatches on Tuesday announced the appointment of a new board to handle the entire problem, the president of which will be Adolph Tortilowitz von Batocki, who will enjoy full powers throughout the Empire.

Changes in the German Ministry were announced on Tuesday. Dr. Karl Helfferich has been appointed Secretary of the Interior and Deputy Imperial Chancellor, and Count von Rödern, formerly Secretary of State and Governor of Alsace-Lorraine, succeeds Dr. Helfferich as Secretary of the Treasury.

Dispatches from London of May 19 stated that Lord Robert Cecil, Minister of War Trade, had informed the Associated Press that an agreement had been reached between Sweden and the Entente Allies.

The conference report on the Army Reorganization bill, adopted by the Senate on May 20, passed the House on Saturday of last week by a vote of 349 to 25. On the same day the Administration's Shipping bill was forced through the House in face of a Republican filibuster by a vote of 211 to 161.

The situation of the punitive expedition in Mexico remains indefinite and unsatisfactory. The dash of Major Langhorne and a squadron of cavalry in pursuit of the raiders of Glen Springs resulted in a clash with the bandits and the rescue of two Americans whom they had kidnapped. Apparently a new note of some kind in reference to the general situation and the status of the punitive expedition is expected from Gen. Carranza in the immediate future. Meanwhile the State Department received information on Tuesday that the de-facto Government had ordered 30,000 troops to the region south of the border to exterminate bandits.

Little news of a definite character has come from Ireland, but dispatches reveal an increasing feeling of hope that Mr. Asquith's personal investigations will result in a workable solution of the problem of Irish administration, at least for the period of the war. Mr. Asquith is to make his statement on the situation in the House of Commons to-day. The Royal Commission, under the presidency of Lord Hardinge, began its investigation of the Irish rebellion on May 18. The United States Government last week intervened with a request for a postponement of execution in the case of Jeremiah C. Lynch, a naturalized American citizen, who was implicated in the Dublin rebellion. Ambassador Page cabled on Monday that he had been officially informed that the original sentence of the death penalty had been commuted to one of ten years' imprisonment. Sir Roger Casement was committed for trial on the charge of treason on May 17.

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The Week

Nothing more gratifying could have come from the House Naval Committee than its smashing of the five-year naval programme—that dangerous, un-American plan to tie up the country for half a decade to a policy which might easily be a great stumbling-block to gradual disarmament. For, while Congress cannot bind its successors, there are such things as continuing contracts, and it was the prevailing opinion that if this Congress were to authorize construction for the next five years, it would be almost impossible to stop it. Mr. Wilson, on his Western tour, half-heartedly explained the five-year policy as due to a desire to provide for a normal and steady increase of the fleet. He thereby overlooked the fact that, according to many British experts, we do not yet clearly know the lessons of the naval war abroad, and therefore might be authorizing types of vessels that European navies will discard as soon as the war is over. The evil part played by the German twenty-year naval programme of 1901 in estranging Great Britain and Germany Mr. Wilson also overlooked, if he was aware of it. The radical departure in policy which he suggested he treated as if it were merely a question whether we should build ten or twenty submarines. Now the House has ended all that, and the President will acquiesce—with perhaps inward content. That the Senate may fight for the five-year plan is quite possible, but the outspoken support given to the House's action by the Democratic leaders, notably Mr. Kitchin, provides solid ground for hope that the fate has been sealed of a proposal which should never have been made.

As for the bill itself, one might think that the staggering total of $240,000,000 would satisfy any one not a positive big-navy maniac. It is larger by ninety-two and one-half millions of dollars than last year's bill, which was in turn the largest ever authorized. It proposes five battle-cruisers, to cost over twenty millions each—enough to endow five universities in perpetuity. This hundred millions goes to supply the latest navy fad—the battle-cruiser. Our navy experts suddenly discovered, after the battle off Heligoland between the British and German fleets, that the battle-cruiser was what we needed, and so, true to their form of invariably following the lead of other nations, notably England, they decided to go in for battle-cruisers. We were promptly told that, without them, our navy had no eyes, and Mr. Daniels was roundly abused for not having provided the fleet with some of those vessels. As a matter of fact, our wiseacres of the General Board never even recommended such a step *until this winter*, although the great British and German battle-cruisers were in action in 1914—which speaks volumes for their foresight and naval wisdom. Of course, the House Committee will be abused because it has not added two Dreadnoughts to its proposal. But the vote for the sum of 160 millions in new construction, as against 45 millions last year, might seem concession enough, in all conscience, to the demand for greater preparedness. It has refused to accept the plea of the submarine "expert," Admiral Grant, for 181 submarines, all of 800 tons—he knowing nothing about an 800-ton boat from personal knowledge—but it has authorized twenty submarines, of which three are to be of the large type; and it has added further "eyes" to the navy by providing four scout cruisers, to cost $22,000,000.

"It is generally conceded that at this time merchant vessels can be built in American shipyards at less cost than in foreign shipyards." "While shipyards are now busy in new construction, we have good reason to believe their facilities will be increased, and a new record set in speed and skill." "It is not claimed for this bill that it provides for an adequate merchant marine in the foreign trade." "Every reasonable objection to the ownership and operation of merchant vessels has been removed in the bill." "The question resolves itself into this: Shall the great commercial interests of the United States be paramount to the interests of the vessel-owners who have the monopoly of the coastwise trade, and yet exercise the right to withdraw their vessels from that trade whenever it suits their convenience or profit?" We have taken the foregoing sentences from the report of the House Committee on the Merchant Marine, accompanying the Shipping bill, which was passed by the House on Saturday, because they illustrate the confusion and uncertainty of the whole measure. It still pretends to be an emergency measure created by the war, although it is becoming apparent that the building or buying and operating of ships by the Government have now fallen to a secondary place in the whole plan. The main thing now sought is the creation of a Shipping Board, with powers over transport by water analogous to those of the Interstate Commerce Commission over transport by rail.

The bill (H. R. 15,455) covers twenty-seven pages. Of these only a third, or less, have to do with the building or leasing of ships. All the rest is taken up with administrative provisions looking not to the providing of new shipping facilities, but to the minute regulation of those already in existence. Investigations of all sorts are to be made; questions of rates and routes gone into; with large powers bestowed upon the Shipping Board as respects them all. Now, this may or may not be wise. That matter we are not discussing here. But we do assert that the bill ought to be frank and straightforward. It ought not to mislead the country. What is really driven at is not the provision of more ships, but an attempt by Government action to force down the abnormally high freight rates, caused by the present scarcity of tonnage, and in some way or other to give shippers better service at lower figures. The parts of the bill concerned with Government-built merchant ships are much like those of the previous measure, except in one particular. We still have the proposal for the Government, through a $50,000,000 corporation which it controls, to go into the shipping business when costs are highest, with the certainty of resultant losses when more normal conditions are restored. But it is now provided that these operations shall not go on for a longer period than five years after the close of the European war. Then the corporation is to be "dissolved." But what about the ships? They are to "revert to the board"—that is, the Shipping Board. Thereupon it will have power, under section 7 of the bill, to "charter, lease, or sell" the ships. It would thus appear that the Government might not go out of the shipping business, after all.

Secretary Lansing's note to Ambassador Bernstorff on the status of the Appam has his customary lucidity and directness. The German Ambassador's request that the Appam be allowed to remain indefinitely in American waters, and that the British prisoners brought in on her be interned for the remainder of the war, was not based on any general principle of international law or practice, but solely on a specific provision of the treaty of 1799 between the United States and Prussia. Secretary Lansing quotes in full the article of that treaty

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to which the Ambassador referred, and it appears with perfect clearness that the case of the Appam does not fall under it. Not only at one point, but again and again, in that article, reference is made to the vessel of war that has brought in the prize, and in whose custody it remains; so that treatment of the prize is made incidental to the rules relating to the warship that brought it in. The Appam had been made a prize by the German naval forces, but came into Norfolk alone, under command of a German officer. Thus no such situation exists as that contemplated in the article cited, and accordingly, says Secretary Lansing, "the Appam can enjoy only those privileges usually granted by maritime nations, including Germany, to prizes of war, namely, to enter neutral ports only in case of stress of weather, want of fuel and provisions, or necessity of repairs, but to leave as soon as the cause of their entry has been removed." There seems to be no possible escape from this conclusion.

Von Bernstorff's injunction to German citizens in this country to abide by the laws of the States in which they reside is welcome as another instance of Berlin's desire to reëstablish a perfect accord with this Government. Such incidents go to show that the German Government wishes its surrender on the submarine issue to be taken, not merely as a yielding under pressure, but as a change of heart. At the same time, the Ambassador's warning to his fellow-citizens, though well-meaning, is not exceptionally adroit. It lays itself open to interpretation as the abandonment of a campaign, like the abandonment of the submarine campaign, which Germany still insists is justifiable in theory. No such difference of opinion is admissible regarding the duty of alien residents in this country to obey the laws of the country. Whether our relations with Berlin are strained or friendly, the elementary duty of submission to our laws is the same. It is true that von Bernstorff's instructions have been issued "in consequence of cases which have occurred of late," the presumption being that until recently no occasion had arisen for such a warning to active German sympathizers of German citizenship. What the case has actually been needs no rehearsing now. We prefer to accept the evidence of good-will in the Ambassador's statement, together with the implication that Berlin has at last recognized how badly it has been served by its self-constituted missionaries in this country.

In the interview with the German Chancellor, printed in the New York *World*, the only thing worth paying attention to is what he says about the basis of peace. Von Bethmann-Hollweg is obviously pained and angry because the Allies are not ready to talk peace on Germany's terms, and declares that Europe will not be "nearing peace" until statesmen "take the war situation as every war-map shows it to be." Well, the map is the map. If it shows German troops in Belgium and northern France and Poland, it shows Russia deep in Turkey, and every colonial possession of Germany in the hands of her enemies. There is also a map of the sea, which shows the German fleet locked up, and the German merchant marine swept from the ocean. Would Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg dream of accepting peace on the basis of this *status*, taken as a whole? Not for a moment. He does not think it fair to look at a naval map. The only map he means is that of Central Europe. In his mind, power on land is the only thing that ought to count. Sea-power is an abhorrent tyranny that ought not to be tolerated. Equally repugnant to him is the thought of the Allies slowly gathering their forces on land and preparing to contest German supremacy even there. Why don't they look at the map and confess that they are beaten? It is sheer impudence in them to set about changing the military map on land, as it stands to-day. Let them be honest and admit that Germany has won the war. Thus the Chancellor goes on, complaining and grumbling. But he is probably not so foolish as he sounds. His words, though plaintive and futile, betray the German Government's great anxiety for an end of hostilities.

The note sent by the Austro-Hungarian Government to the neutral Powers on the sinking of the steamship Dubrovnik in the Adriatic makes assertions so definite and circumstantial that a prompt statement of the Allied view of the case is imperatively called for. If an Italian, British, or French submarine has been guilty of the outrage charged, our own Government, in particular, has the most serious possible interest in the question. Moreover, American public opinion will not rest content with any slurring over of the occurrence. German barbarisms of the same kind cannot be accepted as an excuse; especially now that we are in possession of the promise of the German Government that they will not occur in the future. Let us have the full facts; and if they sustain the Austrian accusation, let the Government responsible for the crime take such action as will show that the Allied Powers have been sincere in their denunciation of like crimes committed by the Germans.

Rumania's participation in the war may henceforth be regarded as improbable. Bucharest has concluded commercial treaties with the Central Powers which are regarded in Allied circles as something more than strictly neutral arrangements. At all times the chance of Rumania's intervening on the side of the Allies depended on a much more emphatic show of strength than the Allies have made. If anything were needed to justify Rumania's cautious policy, it would be the present situation on the Austro-Italian front. If the Hapsburg armies are in a position to assume the offensive on a large scale in the west, they would plainly have been in a position to withstand an attack from a new enemy across the Carpathians. In the protracted operations that would ensue, the Rumanian army would soon find itself very much in the same condition as the Russian armies a year ago—without an adequate supply of war material and barred from its western allies even more completely than Russia has been.

Everybody must admire the vigor and uncompromising directness of Col. Roosevelt's speech in Detroit. The fact that he frequently laid tremendous emphasis on the obvious, defied all the powers of evil to question the unquestionable, and slew the slain with sublimated fury, only shows that the Colonel is himself. But his strong words about Americanism, in the sense that all our public issues must be faced as our own problems, without color or prejudice on account of the countries of origin of our citizens, were very much to the point, and will waken wide echoes. And Mr. Roosevelt was bold enough to come out squarely for a law compelling universal military service in the United States. This is the more courageous in him since he must be aware that neither of the great parties will venture to write such a demand into its platform. The Progressives, under his moulding, may so far forget what they were in 1912 as to go with him in making this the paramount issue in 1916. But both Democratic and Republican leaders will know that this would spell defeat for them.

Convinced that universal training is the

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only safeguard and school for democracy, Gov. Whitman has signed, and now defends, the Slater bill, providing military training for boys between sixteen and nineteen not engaged in earning their living. The case for democracy, in the light of educational statistics for New York State, works out as follows: In 1913 the number of boys enrolled in the elementary schools of the State was about 600,000. The number of boys in the public and private secondary schools was less than 70,000. The number of male undergraduates in the colleges was about 15,000. Only 10 per cent. of the elementary school population enter the high schools. Only about 2½ per cent. reach the college. Since the years between sixteen and nineteen cover the last half of the high school and the first half of the college, we may place the student population between those years, in high school and college, at about 30,000. Of 100 boys in the elementary schools, only five will thus be found continuing their education after the age of sixteen. To this 5 per cent. the provisions of the Slater bill will apply, and this is the universal training and the democracy which the bill is likely to foster.

Vice-President Marshall may not be the greatest man who ever presided over the most august assembly on earth, but he has at least done something to bring out the awesome nature of the rules of the Senate. By trying now and then to enforce them he has demonstrated that they were not intended to be enforced. One rule is that no Senator shall make more than one speech on the same subject on the same day. This the Vice-President attempted to make certain Senators obey, but an appeal was taken from his decision and he was overruled. After that, Mr. Marshall coolly announced that, so far as he could see, there were no Senate rules which it was his duty to enforce. Another important ruling from the chair was made last week. Senator Kenyon made the point of order that a certain resolution "cannot be referred to the Committee on Rules in the very nature of the situation." But the Vice-President calmly announced: "The chair will be compelled to overrule that point of order. This body can do anything it wants to do." After this nobody can doubt that the Senate is a law unto itself.

The career of George B. Cox was a demonstration of our resourcefulness in political bosses. If we could boast a Platt and a Quay at Washington, that did not exhaust our wealth of men who lacked nothing but their ability to occupy similar places. Cincinnati had her Cox, Baltimore her Rasin, San Francisco her Ruef, and Chicago her Lorimer. Only the last of these managed to elevate himself to the seats of the mighty, and he for but a moment. Ruef came into national prominence as a falling star. But Cox was of that small group of bosses who, year after year and election after election, in the face of scandalous charges which ranged the rest of the country against them, went serenely on, secure in the support of their localities. At the same time, he ran for office only to be defeated. His place had to be behind the throne. While no worse, perhaps, than other bosses, the odor of the bar-room always clung to him and increased the detestation in which he was held by decent citizens. It was too much like being governed by the underworld.

The *Harvard Crimson* vindicates student interest in the election of the Overseers of the University by an editorial protesting against the "over-representation of the capitalists among the nominees," and appealing for the choice of men "as nearly representative of all classes as possible." Here is evidence that the trend towards a Board the great majority of whom are men connected with large corporations is disturbing even to undergraduates. So far as the students take an interest in the Board, they like to feel that all the principal professions and callings for which they are training are represented; that each has its particular spokesman; and that the honor and responsibilities of being an Overseer are not conferred almost exclusively on alumni who engage in business. They have a sense that the well-rounded development of the institution is likely to be better furthered by a well-rounded Board. This feeling the *Crimson* explicitly asserts, declaring that Harvard has never been solely a rich man's college, and that it is, "above all, cosmopolitan in character." This appeal ought to have some effect upon the election now only a few weeks away.

The Mexican teachers who have been prematurely recalled from their studies in this country are not departing without bearing witness to the benefits they have received here. For their recall they offer the simple explanation that the Minister of Public Instruction in the Federal District, responsible for sending them, has been accused by his enemies of giving free junkets to favorites to further his political ends. They confess entering America with a good deal of mistrust; it has completely melted under the kindness and professional assistance they have received. Each of the thirty-nine here has devoted himself to some special branch of pedagogy, as library work, civic education, industrial education, school organization, household arts, and so on; though they have by no means finished their studies, they will return with a new equipment for education in Mexico. It will always be difficult for the United States to compete with Europe in attracting South Americans for higher education; but we should some day have as many Mexicans as we now have Filipinos and Japanese.

Opposition to the new rule barring from amateur contests any golfer engaged in the sale of sporting goods, seems to be increasing. The May *Golf Illustrated* takes up the cudgels against it. What has given offence is the fact that Francis Ouimet has been made a professional under the new rule, though some players who are known to procure a direct money reward for their skill at golf are unscathed by it. The charge is made that the United States Golf Association has become too autocratic. It is admitted that some central body must have control of the game, but it is contended by the president of the Southern Golf Association, for example, that the basis of representation in the national organization is too narrow. Everything has to be democratized nowadays, and the plea is that the executive committee of the U. S. G. A. should be made more democratic. On the question of the new American amateur rule, Bernard Darwin writes from London that there seems to be an opinion here that England is "the home of invidious and snobbish restrictions against tradesmen as amateurs." He adds:

> It is quite likely that we are a snobbish nation, but really in this regard I think we are guiltless. If these gentlemen will take the trouble to read our amateur definition they will find that an amateur golfer must not play or teach golf for money nor carry clubs for hire after a certain age. But they will find nothing in the world about his not being engaged in trade.

But the matter is not to be disposed of so easily as that. The general principle is that the amateur shall not take money directly or indirectly for his skill. But when the question was put to the proprietor of a certain golf shop, whether he would employ a certain man if he were not a crack player, he replied: "Not on your life." Thus the problem of the amateur has its complexities.

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HUGHES AND THE PROGRESSIVES.

The Progressives will not take Root.

They will not take Weeks or Burton or McCall.

Unless Mr. Hughes makes a square-toed, unequivocal statement of position in accord with the Progressive position, as outlined in the statement issued last January, the Progressives will not take Hughes.

In the above, from William Allen White in the Emporia *Gazette*, there speaks a true-blue Progressive. This Bull Mooser is seemingly a little digusted by the manœuvres of Perkins and the others, in preparation for selling out the party at Chicago. Mr. White still has the fight and the fire of 1912. The Progressives, he declares, "can wait four years more." They are not hunting for county offices or "jobs in Congress." They would do much better sticking to their principles and going it alone, especially "if the Republicans take the position that Wilson can be beaten with a two-spot." Mr. Wilson, adds the *Gazette*, "can beat any favorite son like Fairbanks or Sherman; and so long as the favorite son is to be defeated, it will be better for Progressive principles generally to have him defeated without amalgamation." This would result in "the reorganization of the Republican party along lines laid down in the Progressive platform of 1912."

This is plainly the position which convinced and non-bargaining Progressives ought to take. But what must they think of their inflexible leader of four years ago? Does not the white plume in his helmet begin to look very like a white flag? It is the Republican nomination that he is after; and he is leaving little doubt that he would take it on any terms. The Progressive party he feels that he has in his breeches-pocket, to pay out in small change as may be politically convenient; and it is with former supporters of Taft and all the stand-patters that can be got hold of that he is now seeking to do business. So far as Col. Roosevelt is concerned, it is obvious that he is ready to regard the Progressive party as a thing of the past, provided he can now use it as a spring-board to vault back into a Republican nomination. If he could have his way with the Bull Moose, that noble animal would be sold into captivity to the Republican circus, and kept in a cage till its antlers dropped off.

Fear of such a consummation is evidently in the mind of William Allen White. His warnings and defiances are as much directed to the Progressive honest brokers as they are to the Republican managers. Even the stanch Bull Mooser of Kansas now virtually admits that it is a question mainly of what terms of surrender the Progressives can extort at Chicago. They are reduced to saying whom they will "take"—not whom they will insist that the Republicans must take. And it is pretty suggestive that the only Republican whom William Allen White mentions as possibly having the support of the Progressives is Mr. Hughes. Even he, however, must first break his silence. "Unless Justice Hughes desires to say where he stands, there is no reason to nominate him." Thus we have from another quarter the assumption that Hughes is the Great Unknown of American politics. What the Emporia *Gazette* desires is to know what he thinks about Progressive doctrines. Kansas apparently doesn't care so much whether he believes the navy ought to be first or second, the army 249,000 or 251,000, and the European war participated in by the United States or severely let alone. But even as to the former matter it appears to be taken for granted that Hughes has left everybody entirely in the dark, and that he is nothing but an x to the great majority of his countrymen.

This is really about the most ridiculous absurdity going. Hughes is one of the best known of America's public men. His views have been freely proclaimed in speech and act. In 1908 he made a full and deliberate statement of his political beliefs, showing that he was at once a loyal Republican and one with a mind open to new governmental and social demands. With much in the Progressive platform he sympathized in anticipation. Much of it, in fact, is now the current coin of all parties. And over and above all his professions, Hughes as counsel and as Governor impressed himself upon the whole country as a man of singular vigor and independence and initiative. It is for his demonstrated quality, not for his unknown opinions, that so many Republicans in so many parts of the country have been turning to him as their best hope this year. The Oregon primary is not, of course, conclusive by itself, but it is highly significant. It was in the only State where the name of Hughes, against his protest, was placed on the ballot. His easy distancing of all the other candidates led Senator Borah to inform the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*, which has been so distressed by the absence of popular backing for Hughes, that if the Judge had only allowed himself to be voted for he would have carried the Republican primaries in every State in the Union.

It is true that Judge Hughes has not publicly expressed his thought on the rights and wrongs of the European war. But why, in advance of his nomination, should it be demanded of him? Is the Republican party so positively certain what it is going to write into its platform on that subject? Suppose, for example, that President Wilson sets afoot a strong movement for peace in Europe, before the Republican Convention meets—will the wise men at Chicago condemn it or approve it? Wild horses could not drag a direct answer from them to-day. Yet Hughes must unlock his heart!

UNCLE SAM'S DUTY AS EMPLOYER.

Some freak notions have lately been put forward in regard to the rate of pay which the Federal Government should accord to its employees, and at least one of them has got so far as to be embodied in a bill introduced in Congress. In the meanwhile a proposal of several years' standing, directed to a wholly reasonable and proper end, has been hanging fire. We refer to the bill providing a general system of compensation to Federal employees for injuries sustained while in the performance of their duty. A bill to effect this object was introduced in 1913, and favorably reported by the House Judiciary Committee in 1914. It has been reintroduced at various times since, and in its present form was again favorably reported by that Committee on May 11, 1916. It was drawn with great care by a special national committee of the American Association for Labor Legislation, has been subjected to ample inquiry and considerable modification, and is expected to be brought up for consideration in the House this week, or next.

We see no reason why the bill should not become a law at this session of Congress. In principle, and in most points of essential detail, it is similar to the Workmen's Compensation acts now in operation in New York and in other leading States of the Union. The application of the proposed law differs, however, from that of the New York law in two important respects. The New York law relates to employees generally in certain classes of occupations, whether in private or public employment, and its chief purpose is to cover industrial workmen employed in private undertakings. The Federal bill to which we have referred—the Kern-McGillicuddy bill—relates solely to employees of the United States Government, but it covers all such employees, without distinc-

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tion as to the nature of their employment. To so sweeping a range for a compensation act, bearing on the endless varieties of private employment, there would be well-grounded objections; it may justly be argued that this would introduce in many directions elements of difficulty, complexity, and expense, without sufficient warrant in the end to be attained. But this objection does not apply to the Federal Government service. As for rates of compensation, duration and distribution of the awards, and the like, the bill closely resembles the New York law; and it contains similar safeguards against abuse.

There is at present on the statute books a compensation law, enacted in 1908, which covers certain Federal employees, namely, those whose occupation is classed as "hazardous." But a great deal of progress has been made since that time in this country, both in the appreciation of the underlying principle of compensation laws and in the study of correct methods of framing and administering them. The existing law covers only about 100,000 of the Government's 400,000 employees, and thus, as the Judiciary Committee's report says, "goes counter to the theory on which all compensation acts are based, viz., that the industry shall bear the burden of injuries caused by it." Attention is drawn, moreover, to the obvious fact that extension of the scope of the law, while giving the assurance of indemnity to all employees, will by no means involve a corresponding extension of expense to the Government, since accidents are less frequent in the non-hazardous employments. Moreover, under the existing conditions, claims for compensation are continually being put forward in the shape of special bills whose consideration is a burden upon Congress and which result in the aggregate in a large amount of expenditure; all this would be eliminated by the enactment of a general compensation law. Finally, it is to be noted that, while the proposed terms of compensation are—in keeping with laws like that of New York—far more liberal than those in the present act, yet the apportionment is so much more scientific that the added expense to the Government will be much less than the increased help given to beneficiaries in those cases in which compensation is most necessary. Indeed, it is calculated that the cost will for some time be less than that now falling upon the Government, and while, as the years go on, the annual expenditure under the system will become progressively higher, the estimate made by Mr. Miles M. Dawson sets the maximum—to be reached in thirty years—at one-half of one per cent. of the pay-roll. This, on the basis of the present numbers, would amount to about two million dollars, instead of the half million dollars which is approximately the present amount of the Government's compensation expenditure.

That the Government of the United States should be backward in a matter of this kind is an anomaly. Extensive hearings have been had on the bill, and they have not developed, so far as we know, any serious objections to its passage. Among the changes that have been made in it is one which eliminated occupational diseases as ground for compensation, a change which we think was wise. An instance of the way in which the bill is an improvement upon the present law in important detail is to be seen in the fact that, while compensation is to be granted throughout the continuance of total disability, instead of the present maximum of a year, the rate is to be only two-thirds pay instead of full pay as at present. This, while giving fuller justice, also removes that temptation to malingering, or even to unconscious self-deception, which full pay with no work presents. The administration of the act is to be in the hands of a special commission of three, which is also an improvement on the existing system. Altogether, we seem to have here a piece of careful and just legislation, upon established and approved lines, the enactment of which ought not to be any longer deferred.

THE RURAL-CREDITS BILL.

It is now certain that this Congress will enact rural-credits legislation. The bill which had been before the House for several days was passed last week by a vote of 295 to 10. A bill drawn along the same general lines had previously passed the Senate with only five votes in the negative. The measure is thus entitled to rank as non-partisan and almost as non-contentious. In fact, all parties had in their national platforms called for legislation of the kind. Senator Hollis conducted the bill through the Senate, and Representative Carter Glass through the House—both of them displaying grasp and incisive debating power—and the final measure, as it will doubtless soon emerge from conference, will be ranked among the achievements of the Wilson Administration. It may fairly be so in the sense that a measure long advocated had the driving power put behind it by a Democratic President to get it upon the statute-book. That the bill was so framed as to compel the support of political opponents can scarcely be urged as an objection!

For years the need has been admitted of setting up in the United States some system of rural credits analogous to those so long in successful operation in Europe. The matter was officially studied in the Aldrich Report. Afterwards, a special Commission was sent abroad to examine into the European coöperative and joint-stock banks which especially minister to the necessities of farmers, and made an elaborate report. On the basis of all this information, and in response to a growing demand in this country, the rural-credits bill of last year was drafted and submitted to Congress. It was severely criticised and many defects pointed out. The result was the dropping of it from the calendar and the recasting of it this year. It still has some questionable features, which may be eliminated in conference, but there can be no doubt that the general scheme will be retained and will soon be made law.

On the whole, the plan seems to be a wise attempt to adapt approved European practice to American conditions. The Government is here called upon to set up and, at first, finance the system. It is doubtful if we could get it going in any other way. The expectation is that the land banks provided for in the bill will work so well that the initial cost of organization will be repaid to the Federal Treasury. This may or may not prove to be the case. We know that the Government has found it hard to get back all the cost of irrigation projects, and so the same may be true of the land banks. However this may be, it is not to be denied that the rural-credits bill has a very clear conception of the special difficulties of agriculture in obtaining capital, and makes a direct and intelligent effort to overcome them.

What has been the farmer's chief complaint in the matter of borrowing money on the security of his land? It is two-fold: high interest, and loans only for a short time. A special agent of the Department of Agriculture has compiled data showing that the quoted rates on farm mortgages run from an average of 5.3 per cent. in New Hampshire to 9 and 10 per cent. in certain Southern and Western States. Besides there are usually commissions and various charges to be reckoned in, so that the actual cost to the farmer is higher than the published figures. In addition, he finds it hard to get a loan for more than five years and banks are in the habit of asking fre

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him, besides the mortgage, a demand obligation which can be called in an emergency. Now, the rural-credits bill is intended to supply to the farmer funds at not to exceed 6 per cent., and to allow him to take out a loan running for thirty-six years. If the project works as expected, it will plainly prove of great advantage to farmers in many sections of the United States.

We cannot here describe the system in detail. The bill is formidable in length and in minute provisions, but the broad outlines are clear. There are to be twelve land banks, organized and, at first, capitalized by the Government. They do not conduct a banking business. Their sole concern is to lend money on land used for agriculture. They are to get into touch with would-be borrowers through farm-loan associations, which are to be formed locally—ten persons can organize one. The idea is thus to have a centralized control of capital, accompanied by an intimate and personal knowledge, by people on the spot, of the need of a loan, of the security, of the character and standing of the borrower. All kinds of safeguards in the way of appraisal and inspection are provided, and it is confidently believed that the farm mortgages taken by the banks will be so secure that they may be made the basis of farm-loan bonds attractive to the general investor. One essential and admirable feature of the plan is amortization, so that the semi-annual payments by the borrower, whatever the time his loan has to run, will be so figured as to pay off all of his debt at maturity.

The bill is yet to be perfected. In operation it may be seen to be in need of amendment. But as it stands it represents a great advance towards a system of providing agricultural credit that has long been a crying need in this country.

MORTALITY AMONG THE MIDDLE-AGED.

The Monthly Bulletin of the Department of Health of New York city devotes a large part of its current number to an article by Dr. Charles F. Bolduan, Director of the Bureau of Health Education, on those chronic diseases which play the greatest part in causing death among persons who have passed the age of forty years. The article is largely statistical; and in its comments on the statistical data it is notable for a degree of caution that is often wanting in such discussions. While it is calculated to confirm, in the mind of the general reader, the impression conveyed by a number of prominent writers and authorities in recent years as to the unsatisfactory nature of the trend of health-conditions and death-rates among persons of the higher ages in this country, it is neither alarmist in tone nor dogmatic in its statements. In its introductory paragraph, it does not assert that conditions in America, as affecting the health of persons in middle life, have been growing worse, but only that, while much has been done in recent years for the saving of infant and child lives, "practically nothing has been done to prolong adult life." It then proceeds to give figures which show that in New York, "whereas the expectation of life at birth is now about ten years greater than it was thirty years ago, the adult of forty years or over actually has a shorter expectation of life than formerly, the decrease amounting to a year or more, according to age-period"; that in the registration area of the United States the death-rate in 1911 for the upper ages was appreciably greater than in 1900, though for the early ages there had been a great reduction in the death-rate; and that the death-rate in the registration area for each of the great classes of chronic disease which belong to middle life and old age shows a marked increase between 1900 and 1910.

From these facts certain able and earnest students of the subject have drawn sweeping conclusions concerning prevalent habits of life, and even concerning economic conditions in our country; conclusions which we have upon various occasions endeavored to show were not justified by the data. Dr. Bolduan expresses no judgment on this phase of the subject. But it happens that in some of the data which he brings together in his article can be found strong confirmation of the skepticism we have entertained concerning the conclusions referred to. Consider, for example, the table he presents of "death-rates per 100,000 population, city and rural districts, in the year 1911," from diseases of the heart, kidneys, and arteries. In this table there are to be seen most remarkable divergences. Thus, in Massachusetts the city death-rate from these diseases is 345 per 100,000, and the rural death-rate 417; while in Colorado not only are the rates vastly lower, but the relation between city and country is reversed, the figures being 262 and 168 respectively. And similar contrasts, though not quite so marked, are seen throughout the table. Dr. Bolduan frankly admits that these things are unexplained puzzles. But in relation to the large question we have referred to above, they enforce the lesson that the factors entering into it are so complex and so diverse that, until the data have been far more thoroughly sifted, and their character far more closely studied, than has yet been done or even attempted, any broad conclusion as to the trend of American life-conditions must be regarded as in a very high degree conjectural.

Another group of facts, highly interesting in themselves and also bearing on the question we have been considering, is that relating to the relative prevalence of the diseases in question among the well-to-do and the poor. Dr. Bolduan cites several foreign statistical authorities on this subject, all of them bringing out the fact that deaths from this group of diseases are more frequent in the richer than in the poorer classes. One of these authorities is quoted as explaining this phenomenon on the ground that a larger proportion of the well-to-do than of the poor reach the higher ages; but, as Dr. Bolduan justly points out, this explanation cannot be made to cover the facts given in one of the tables, in which the statistics relate not to the aggregate of deaths in the two classes, but to deaths within specified age-groups. That among persons between the ages of fifty-five and sixty-five in Copenhagen, for example, diseases of the circulatory apparatus carry off 350 per 100,000 in the well-to-do classes and only 280 per 100,000 among the poor requires specific explanation. Two elements in such an explanation seem to us to have great plausibility: First, that selection of the hardier constitutions for survival to middle life is more severe among the poor than among the rich; and secondly, that over-feeding and other injurious indulgences are more common among the rich than among the poor.

And this brings us back to the broad question of the significance of the general figures of American mortality. It is quite possible that the increase in the loss of life at the higher ages—which, be it remembered, is not of very large dimensions—may be wholly explained, and even more than explained, as the effect of the increase in the saving of life at the lower ages. Less hardy constitutions are saved from the various dangers not only of infancy, but of youth and manhood, through the advance of medicine and the improvement of sanitary conditions; and a further factor enters to the same effect when we consider the special bearing of this upon the less fortunate economic classes. And over and above this kind

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of consideration tending to give a favorable, instead of an unfavorable, explanation of the figures, there is another which does not do this, but simply points to the extreme difficulty of drawing any conclusion from them. We refer to the heterogeneity of our population, and especially to the shifting character of that part supplied by immigration. A lot of tremendously hard work, both in collecting and in analyzing figures, will have to be done before any trustworthy conclusion can be reached.

YIDDISH.

Sholom Aleichem, whose death has stirred the emotions of New York's East Side much more deeply, one imagines, than the death of Henry James or Richard Harding Davis affected their respective publics, worked in a vernacular to which a great many people adept in its use have denied the dignity of a language. The very masses to whom Yiddish is the native tongue commonly refer to it as jargon, or gibberish. Its base is the German dialect of the Rhinelands of the fourteenth century, which was carried into Poland and southeastern Europe by enforced migration, and there thrived until it is today the language of nearly ten million people. From eastern Europe it has been carried, in turn, by the Jewish migrations of the last forty years, into every corner of the earth—the two Americas, South Africa, Australia. It is spoken in Buenos Aires and in the Klondike, and wherever it has been carried it has absorbed local elements, and so added to the original confusion. As it stands to-day, it is still predominantly a German dialect, written in the Hebrew alphabet, with borrowings from every land it has touched, and a structure that can only be described as a grammarian's nightmare. In the same sentence Hebrew, German, Russian, and disguised Latin may jostle each other. Upon Biblical verbs and nouns are superimposed German inflections, and these according to no ascertainable rule. Yiddish grammar has the same fine irresponsibility that characterized English spelling in the time of Shakespeare.

The closest parallel to Yiddish is found in another Jewish dialect, the so-called Ladino, which is the vernacular of the Mediterranean or Sephardic Jews as opposed to the Jews of northern and eastern Europe. Just as the Yiddish is based on the spoken language of southwestern Germany in the fourteenth century, the Ladino is based on the Spanish of the fifteenth century, which was carried all over the Mediterranean under the stress of Spanish persecution. Any one familiar with German finds little difficulty in following a Yiddish text, if read out aloud. Any one familiar with Spanish should be similarly at ease with the Ladino. If we transliterate the headlines from the local newspaper in that tongue we get phrases like "Socialistas fusilados," "Tres editores matados," "Cinco mil laboradores fereros saliron en strike!" "Strike" represents our own contribution to a conglomerate vocabulary, just as the Yiddish of the East Side shows a heavy infusion of English words—still with the old German inflections—which makes the language of the East Side newspapers not altogether comprehensible to the Yiddish-speaking populations of eastern Europe.

It is natural that there should have been at different times a sharp reaction among the intellectual leaders of the Jewish people against a formless and—as many regarded it—an ignoble dialect. To the extent that the Jews entered into the common life of the nations among whom they lived, their leaders drifted into the use of the language of the country, and the popular tongue was left to the common uses of the uneducated majority. In times of peace, whenever a movement towards Jewish assimilation with the surrounding population asserted itself, the trend was towards the adoption of the prevailing tongue. In times of persecution, when Jewish nationalism asserted itself, the impulse was towards a return to the ancient Hebrew. All such attempts have failed for the most part because of the hard fact that Yiddish is, after all, the language of the Jewish masses, and that it satisfies their needs, both for the business of the daily life and for their religious interests. Yiddish contains a large devotional literature for the use of those to whom the Hebrew of the Bible and the prayer-books is inaccessible. It has taken on new life as a result of recent democratic developments in Russia and Poland. The rise of a large Jewish factory population in Russia, with an increasingly important rôle in the political and social life of that country, has forced the acceptance of the common tongue as a medium of propaganda and popular education. But there has also been at work the spirit of democratic philology, the feeling that the folk-speech of a people has an incontestable validity, that the language of ten million people may be purified and regularized, but cannot be abandoned. At the present moment the various forces mentioned are at work among the Jews of the Russian Empire. There are those who would substitute the Slavic tongue for the Yiddish. There is a smaller class who would have a return to the Hebrew. But there can be no doubt that the prevailing drift is towards the building up of an independent Yiddish culture.

The persistence of Yiddish has been affected by the growth of a very respectable secular literature. While theorists were concerned with the limitations of the popular dialect, novelists, poets, and playwrights demonstrated their ability to rise above such limitations. Nearly twenty years ago Professor Leo Wiener published a history and anthology of Yiddish literature. Since that time both Yiddish literature and the Yiddish press have undergone an enormous expansion. Yiddish satire and humor have flourished because the racial aptitude in those fields has found a grateful instrument in the popular language. Its very formlessness makes it a plastic medium. In the hands of an artist and observer of the common life, like the writer whom the East Side lately mourned, it has the tang and color that inheres in vulgar speech, and it lends itself to the portrayal of the quick transitions from laughter to tears which make up the emotions of the simple man.

Foreign Correspondence

THE CASE OF THE TUBANTIA—THE WORTH OF GERMAN DENIALS.

By A. J. BARNOUW.

THE HAGUE, March 27.

(Delayed in transmission.)

At no time since the outbreak of the war has the Dutch press so unanimously scorned the sincerity of an official denial from Berlin. "That the Tubantia should have been sunk by a German submarine is out of the question"—such was the statement, founded "on thorough official reports," which, on Sunday, March 19, three days after the loss of the liner, was published by the German Legation at The Hague. The promptness of it, instead of allaying the anti-German animosity, tended to kindle it and to justify the general suspicion. *Het Handelsblad* reminded its readers of the slowness with which on previous occasions the responsibility of a German commander for the loss of a neutral vessel could be ascertained.

There was, first, the case of the Belridge, a Norwegian ship, torpedoed about the middle of February, 1915. She did not sink however, but was towed into harbor. The German Government, in spite of "thorough official reports," appeared unable to settle the question whether a German submarine had launched the fatal torpedo. Norwegian engineers, however, had, in the meantime, arrived at that conclusion by means of fragments of a German torpedo which had been

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found in the keel of the Belridge. On April 24 the German Government asked for these fragments to be forwarded to Berlin for examination, and not until then did the Marine Staff feel justified in admitting Germany's responsibility for the disaster. May we not conclude from this test case, asks *Het Handelsblad*, that either (1) the "thorough official reports" of submarine commanders are insufficient for the German Government to settle the question as to their responsibility, or (2) they do suffice, but the German Government refuses to draw from them the obvious conclusion, unless the neutral Government can produce convincing evidence?

The second case is that of the Katwijk, a Dutch vessel, torpedoed on April 14, 1915, a few hours before the Pharmigan, an English ship, was sent to the bottom of the sea. Five days later the German Government requested the Dutch authorities to send to Berlin all pieces of evidence that might be helpful to the Marine Staff in settling the question of guilt. Three weeks more elapsed before the Dutch Government received an official declaration from Berlin that "after comparison of the evidence given by the crew of the Katwijk with the report of a German submarine commander, the German Government had been led to believe that the latter had caused the loss of the Dutch merchantman."

Seeing that in these instances the German Marine Staff had evidently little faith in the reports of submarine commanders and required ample time for the sifting of the evidence in hand, the Dutch press felt justified in disbelieving the accuracy of the "thorough official statements," which exonerated the German navy. The disaster coincided with the resignation of Admiral von Tirpitz, and the assumption is not too bold, considering the nervous strain on a submarine's crew, that one of their many commanders, embittered by the Government's abandonment of von Tirpitz's relentless undersea warfare, fired the fatal shot by way of avenging his regretted chief.

Along with the question of guilt, the question of retaliation is being discussed by the papers. Is the Dutch Government in a position to take reprisals so soon as the examination of the wreck by divers has confirmed the general suspicion beyond any doubt? An Amsterdam paper suggested that, by way of retort, one of the German ships detained in the Amsterdam harbor should be seized by the Government. Others advocated a closure of the Dutch-German frontier for the export of foodstuffs as a fit reprisal for a repeated attempt on the Dutch merchant fleet. But all papers agreed that the time was ripe for a joint action of the seafaring neutral states against this utter disregard of their inviolable rights. The interests of Holland, of Spain, of the Scandinavian countries, of the South American states, and last, but not least, of the United States, are involved. Who is to take the initiative? Public opinion in Holland expects the American republic to take the lead. The motions of the three conservative parties in the Reichstag, urging the Government not to abandon Admiral von Tirpitz's relentless submarine warfare, are a clear symptom of the dangers neutral sea trade has to fear from the modern champion of Hugo Grotius's *Mare Liberum*. A free sea, indeed! So much free that the Holland-America Line has decided to lay up the Rotterdam, as that steamer, if lost, could not be replaced within the next three years.

An exceptionally unbiassed German writer, Dr. Edward Stilgebauer, well known as the author of "Götz Kraft," has published a remarkable letter in the Dutch weekly *De Amsterdammer, Weekblad voor Nederland*. He quotes these words from Schiller, written at the age of eighteen, when he was a medical student at the Karlsschule, near Stuttgart: "Die Organisation hat zum Schneckengang vardorben, was Adlerflug geworden wäre, die Organisation hat noch keinen grossen Mann gemacht, aber die Freiheit brütet Kolosse und Extremitäten aus." It is in the deadening grip of a mechanism of Prussian make, says Dr. Stilgebauer, that German intellect, and mind, and individualism, and love of freedom, and criticism, all treasures of which the closing eighteenth century had been so proud, are now pining away. A nation which has let go these gifts becomes the easy prey of unscrupulous rulers. The mechanism has ground the German people down to absolute, unreasoning obedience. If the "Hurraschreier" of the Bassermann type, the supporters of the notorious conservative motions, succeeded in prescribing their will to the Government, the nation as a whole would not demur, but silently support the new course. "Und gegen diesen Mechanismus"—it is a German whom I am quoting—"gegen diesen und nicht gegen Deutschland kämpfen heute Europa und die Welt nach ihrem allerheiligsten Bekentnisse." Does not by these words Dr. Stilgebauer implicitly admit that the Allies are actually fighting for the deliverance from bondage of that better, that noble Germany, which we all revere, the Germany of Kant, and Beethoven, and Goethe?

"SPYING STRANGERS."

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, April 29.

Progress of the war has brought strange things to pass in the House of Commons. This week has witnessed accumulation of novelty. At one sitting the House heard of an attempted invasion of Ireland, of outbreak of rebellion in Dublin, of the bombardment of Yarmouth and Lowestoft, and of a flight of Zeppelins hovering over the eastern counties dropping bombs by the way. These are portentous doings. They have been appropriately capped on two successive days by the spectacle of the Prime Minister "spying strangers." Hitherto exercise of this privilege has been reserved for private members bent on making themselves more than usually obnoxious. What lawyers call a leading case was the action of Mr. Biggar alluded to in this correspondence a week or two ago, who, having a private grudge against Mr. Chaplin, "spied strangers" as soon as that gentleman rose to deliver a carefully prepared speech, with the incidental consequence of turning the Prince of Wales out of the Peers' Gallery.

Like some other designedly disorderly conduct of the militant Irish members this freak led to a useful reform of procedure. In Mr. Biggar's day, the House was absolutely at the mercy of a single member. A musty standing order decreed that straightway on notice being taken of the presence of strangers the Speaker should order the galleries to be cleared. It is a curious example of the patchwork structure of the older rules that govern Parliamentary procedure that the Ladies' Gallery was not subjected to this particular standing order. When it was placed on the Journals of the House a special gallery for the accommodation of ladies attending debate was non-existent, even undreamed of. Accordingly, when in recent times the House has been cleared on the spying of strangers, ladies who chanced to be in the gallery have enjoyed, exclusively among the public, the privilege of being present at a secret session.

On Tuesday and Wednesday this anomaly was brusquely dealt with. On both occasions the Press Gallery and the galleries over the clock at the other end of the House were open as usual, occupants remaining till at the proper moment the Prime Minister's roving glance "spied strangers." On neither day was the Ladies' Gallery opened. Whence it follows no difficulty arose as to clearing it. The House of Lords does not include in its Rules of Procedure one authorizing the practice of spying strangers. The Lord Great Chamberlain, rising to the height of the occasion, issued an edict closing the Peeresses' Galleries that flank either side of the Chamber, the Press Gallery, the steps of the throne, the bar, and other parts of the House to which strangers are in ordinary circumstances admitted. With pardonable pride he told a listening Senate how in order to complete the seal of secrecy he had caused diligent search for peccant strangers to be made in all the underground passages of the premises, "even the cellars."

Presumably in the other House the Sergeant-at-Arms, trained in the immemorial custom that marks the opening of a session of searching for Guy Faulkeses in the cellars, did not overlook a vulnerable spot on a higher level. The floor of the House, which to the casual glance seems to be of solid construction, is really composed of perforated iron work covered with fine thread matting. Through this, fresh air drawn in from the river-terrace and elaborately treated in the lower vaults—iced in summer, heated in winter—is driven into the legislative chamber. The inquisitive stranger of the Lord Great Chamberlain's fancy *caché* in the coal-cellar of the House of Lords could not hear a word of what went on in secret session overhead. It is different in this little-known apartment of the House of Commons. Roofed by the open fretwork of iron, speeches made in the House are as audible as if the listener were seated on one of the front benches. As a matter of fact, when Gladstone delivered in sight and hearing of a densely thronged House his speech on introducing the Home Rule bill of 1893, a group of ladies, on the invitation of a Minister's wife, seated below, heard every word of it, enjoying it as a rare accompaniment to afternoon tea.

It is significant of the dislike, common to both Houses, with which the abnormal proceedings of the week have been regarded, that the Lord Great Chamberlain's animated account of his guardianship of the sanctity of the secret session did not meet with the well-earned, perhaps expected, approval of the Peers. On the contrary, Lord Salisbury, in a speech greeted with many signs of sympathy, roundly rated him for unduly interfering with the authority of the House to manage its private affairs. It was admitted that in the circumstances a secret session was probably desirable. But the expedient was distinctly disliked. In the Commons this feeling is intensified by the drastic order which threatens with dire penalty any news-

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paper that presumes, even distantly, to allude to proceedings in the secret session other than those curtly indicated in the official report. In the matter of events taking place day by day throughout the far-flung battlefield, the British press has loyally submitted to restrictions hitherto unknown. This peremptory autocratic gagging is appropriately synchronal with reëstablishment of the anachronism of "spying strangers" under the personal authority of the Prime Minister.

FRANCE AND NEUTRALS—A PREVIOUS QUESTION.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, May 8.

I have tried to learn, from the general run of comment in the French press and from men in the Paris street, the average Frenchman's impression of a certain persistent silence on the part of neutrals from President to Pope.

Why was no protest made when the neutrality of Belgium, internationally guaranteed, was violated with the avowed purpose of attacking across Belgium the neutral, unfortified frontier of France? Where was international legality then? In the mind of every Frenchman this is a previous question to all reasoning on the war. It will continue in his mind no matter what the victory may be or what terms of peace may be made or what new strength or feebleness may accrue from peace to international law. It has to be asked, not of the Government of the United States alone, but of all other neutral nations.

Without exception, all whose mind I can learn express their belief that neutrals were afraid of Germany. They let the opportunity of defending international right and justice pass in the first panic.

With a sort of popular sense, average Frenchmen lump together a number of neutral nations that have not lived up to expectations. Rumania has a German king; Greece and Sweden have German queens; Ferdinand of Bulgaria was always more of a German Coburg than a French Bourbon; and Holland, with a German prince-consort, has tranquillized her natural fear of being swallowed up alive by trading dry goods and groceries with Germany on the honest broker's principle.

We Americans may turn to the zenith, we may turn to the nadir, we may bow to the four quarters of the compass, solemnly declaring that we never signed for the neutrality of Belgium and so were not bound to stand for it—and no Frenchman, so long as nations exist in the world of Humanity, will be able to understand. He will not even try to make up his mind whether the United States, though not among the signers of the original neutralization, might not be held surety for it in virtue of certain Hague conventions which the American Government did sign and which legally imply the acceptance of Belgium's guaranteed neutrality.

Frenchmen will always feel that Germany's violation of her own signature, when allowed to pass without protest, upset the whole structure of international law. This, however, is not sufficient to cause alienation of feeling towards any neutral nation in particular, least of all towards the United States. On this general question, which is previous to any particular questions of neutrality arising as war progresses, all the neutral nations stand and fall together. Like Dante's Pope who abdicated *per viltate*—mean-mindedly, for fear of responsibility—they are all for ever guilty of the *gran rifiuto*. Should the final settlement of the war fail to make up for this refusal to do their international duty, it will be owing to them that Humanity will have fallen back in its progress towards moral union.

An Italian statesman says he knows that Switzerland by mere chance escaped the fate of Belgium. German armies, on their way to surprise the French, might easily have crossed Swiss territory. There, too, the French had left their frontier undefended, confiding in the international guarantees of neutrality. Switzerland proved her own lack of confidence as well as the preparedness of her militia by mobilizing on her frontiers her entire army of 300,000 men in a few hours' time. Hers was the first, the swiftest, and the most efficient mobilization of the war, for German mobilization was ready-made beforehand.

The confidence of the French Government in Switzerland's neutrality has been proved by another and rarely mentioned fact. During war, the Swiss frontier of France continued to be largely undefended against German invasion through Swiss territory—except by these Swiss troops in between, ready to fight for their country's neutrality. Yet the sympathies of the Germanic Swiss, who form the great majority of the population, were known to be with Germany and against France. Frenchmen have since heard many stories of contraband transit through Switzerland into Germany. It was disclosed that officers of the Swiss General Staff used their position to the advantage of Germany by furnishing information concerning the Allies which they obtained in virtue of their position. Only then did the French Government think it necessary to take some military precaution—but Frenchmen do not yet believe that German harmonics will ever succeed in smothering the single-minded melody of "The Switzer's Song of Home."

International law and national signatures failed to prevent Germany's violation of Belgium's neutrality, and (what is often forgotten in America) the corresponding violation of the frontier of France contiguous with Belgium, which had been left unfortified in respect of such neutrality. This has ground one feeling deep into French souls. It is that the outcome of this war must give some effective protection to national rights, of which neutral rights are but a small part.

There is a feeling also that the neutrality of the United States has been very strictly narrowed to legality, which is not quite the same thing. Yet such legality is recognized to be one issue of the whole war. Doubtless, it would be more agreeable to France if the American Republic could swing into line with the Allies. And, surely, it would be painful to an extreme if the United States should neutralize, to the advantage of Germany, the blockading power of the Allies. What no Frenchman can understand is that any American, in or out of Government, should consider it consistent with neutrality to deprive England of her legitimately acquired mastery of the seas. Any such action would win for Germany, with American help, an incalculable naval victory which Germany's own navy has been powerless to win for itself.

In occasional newspaper paragraphs, certain utterances of an inverted pacifism masquerading as neutrality have been brought to French public attention. Let Americans feed German babies and thus eke out the subsistence of German militant adults. Let not Americans sell guns and provisions to the Allies who are struggling to prevent German militant adults shooting their guns at the homes of French and Belgian babies. To the French mind, this is the sum total of such neutrality.

French Socialists as a party, and Syndicalist workmen as a class (May 1) reprobate the particular wrong-headedness of neutral pacifists with their attempted peace conferences at Zimmerwald or Berne, Stockholm or The Hague. The average Frenchman has paid little attention to them. Such neutrality as they have shown seems like a slap in the face of every Belgian and French wife and mother. Worse than their whimpering over carnage which all their efforts tend to make periodic; worse than their self-righteousness refusing to consider justice; worse than their condescension, which is justified by no superior knowledge or character, is the one distinctive quality of the peace they would patch up—*pax Germanica*.

I have found no Frenchman and no Frenchwoman willing to accept such peace. They are not likely to allow the interference of neutrals who profess that their very neutrality obliges them to counsel such a peace.

Notes from the Capital

MOSES EDWIN CLAPP.

Although his boon companions often address him as "Mose," it is a good while since any one has made use of his old title, "the Black Eagle of the North Star State," in speaking of or to Moses Edwin Clapp, Senator from Minnesota. This was bestowed on him in the days when no Western politician considered himself equipped for effective service till he had been rechristened the Lion of this, or the Swooping Hawk of that, or the Red-Headed Rooster of something else. Clapp's sub-title did not stick to him very long, because it was founded only on an imaginary physical resemblance to John A. Logan, who had been a Black Eagle to many of his admirers. Actually, the only points of similitude between the two lay in their swarthy skins, their straight black hair, and their thick black moustaches. But Logan's hair was conspicuous for its look of having been vigorously pushed and brushed into place; whereas Clapp's grows anywhere and anyhow it pleases; Logan's moustache drooped heavily at its extremities, while Clapp's is fairly horizontal throughout; Logan's habitual expression of face was stern, and any softness which came into it had to work through a rather fixed crust, while Clapp's normal expression is good-natured, and when he puckers his brow and looks hard at you it is only because he is intent on a thought for the moment. Both men suggested enough of the Indian in their appearance to give a certain appropriateness to their receiving secondary names borrowed from the wild.

Clapp is a big, ponderous fellow, who walks with a roll, as if his feet had been an afterthought of Nature's in putting him together, and not adapted to the support of such a frame. Looking into his face, the first fea-

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tures that strike you are his eyes, which are set under brows with the slant we associate with the gift of language. His voice has rapid changes, rather than much variety or subtlety of inflection—the kind we are apt to find in persons who are obstinate in sticking to a point in an argument. As a lawyer, he has won a place of distinction at the Minnesota bar by discarding the ordinary methods of analyzing a case, but getting down to the bare basic facts and giving these an unlooked-for twist to suit his purpose. As a committee chairman he probably prepares half the reports unaided, so that their submission for the approval of his colleagues before final presentation to the Senate is more of a concession to common preference than a necessity. He is impatient to get through the stage of talk and into the stage of action, and there is nothing he abhors more than the long contentions and weighing of phrases which usually characterize the deliberations of a full committee.

When speaking he is a trifle explosive in style, with abundant gesture within a very narrow range, his favorite mode of impressing a statement being to swing up and down, like a meat-axe, an open hand that reminds one, by its unique proportions, of the hand of Providence. He has a trick, too, when his mind is occupied with a question, of chewing up an unlighted cigar, not gradually by holding its tip in his teeth like "Uncle Joe" Cannon, but by deliberately breaking it into bits an inch or so in length and eating them as some of us eat bread, taking copious draughts of water between the pungent morsels.

One of his special hobbies is thrift. He is at home not only a lawyer, but a farmer, and is never so happy as when he gets into his overalls and goes out to take a hand with the men at work on the crops; and he takes pains to know that all his farm resources are well conserved and carefully husbanded. He believes that the American people are too easy-going in their mode of life, and that we should make better headway as a nation, and be better fortified against emergencies, if we looked after the loose ends of our affairs more scrupulously. There is nothing he would like better than to have this subject looked into by a commission of economic experts, under Federal auspices, the results of the investigation to be put into a form which would appeal to the popular understanding and so thoroughly circulated that every citizen would have the demand brought home to him personally. An impulsive man by nature, Clapp has never been very "regular" in his politics. Although elected as a Republican, he was one of the first Senators to go off on the Progressive tack. He simply could not stand President Taft's easy-going complacency in dealing with matters which the people of the pioneer States had come to treat as vital. He attended, in the spring of 1911, a gathering of Western men resolved to prevent at any cost the President's renomination, and his summary of the results of the meeting, as given to me with repeated swings of the big hand, on his return to Washington, was characteristic of his independence in coining phrases as well as in destroying old parties: "I tell you, my friend, we've got him deaded! We've got him deaded!" At that time, he was all for pushing La Follette to the front, and it was with obvious reluctance that he went over to the Roosevelt contingent, though he became later as sturdy a supporter of the ex-President as he had been of the Wisconsin prodigy.

There is a homely chivalry about the man which comes out now and then in unexpected ways. When he was elected Senator by the Legislature of Minnesota in 1901, to fill the unexpired term of the late Cushman K. Davis, Charles A. Towne, then of Minnesota, but now of New York, was occupying Davis's chair by temporary appointment of the Governor. It would have been perfectly lawful and proper for Clapp to come forward at once and claim his seat, especially as he was a Republican, and Towne a Democrat; but, learning that Towne had prepared, with much study and labor, a speech on the Philippine question, and had announced it in the Senate, Clapp courteously withheld his own credentials till the speech had been delivered and spread broadcast over the country.

TATTLER.

Tale-Tellers and Lyrists

The Song of Hugh Glass. By John S. Neihardt. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

Songs to Save a Soul. By Irene Rutherford McLeod. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1 net.

The Factories, and Other Lyrics. By Margaret Widdemer. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $1 net.

The House That Was, and Other Poems. By Benjamin R. C. Low. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

Sappho in Levkas, and Other Poems. By William Alexander Percy. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1 net.

Dreams and Dust. By Don Marquis. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.20 net.

The Cup of Comus. By Madison Cawein. New York: The Cameo Press.

"The Song of Hugh Glass" is one of those well-born poems which draw their themes from the author's neighborhood and their inspiration straight from his heart. In vigorous pentameter couplets Mr. Neihardt retells the authenticated story that, in 1823, in the South Dakota region, a trapper, old, wounded, and forsaken, crawled a hundred miles to safety amid hardships of unimaginable rigor. The psychology vacillates, and I question its accuracy. The motive to this exploit is revenge, and this motive is rationalized only by the supposition of a ferocity which gives to the sugared and melting conclusion an effect both of *non-sequitur* and of anticlimax.

Mr. Neihardt has conveyed his landscape. He has not spelled it out with the assiduity of the literalist, and it reaches us perhaps more through the pores in the words than through the words themselves. But eventually the reader ingathers a sense of something very old and very young, spacious, firm, and bright, a landscape that is not man's leman or man's saint, but his stalwart and clear-eyed comrade. In his ascents or onsets, Mr. Neihardt is commonly unsuccessful; it is in his recessions or declinations, I do not say his recumbencies, that the unheralded felicity appears. He pursues rhetoric, but his gift is not for rhetoric, but for style. That the rhetoric is bad and the style nascent may be surmised from the following couplet:

The butte soared, like a soul serene and white,
Because of the katharsis of the night.

The "katharsis" of which Mr. Neihardt's vocabulary stands in such evident need might well begin with the expurgation of the word. The pathetic fallacy, which should be rechristened in his interest the vindictive or the disdainful fallacy, is the object of a partiality which it neither justifies nor repays.

The style which I commend is audible in phrases like "So came there in the golden fall of day," or this:

went drifting with the autumn blast
That mourned among the melancholy hills,

or this lovely forecast of spring in the still desert landscape:

On they spurred
Through vacancies that waited for the bird.

Many shortages may be pardoned to the budding spring, and other lines than the above are prompt to suggest that the gaps in Mr. Neihardt's power, the lacunæ in his taste, are vacancies that are waiting for the bird.

For a woman of twenty-three, Miss Irene McLeod's verses are unusual. I bar from that adjective those fulminant qualities which may obtain for her volume a superficial and factitious popularity obscurative of its true distinction. There is riot in this volume, sometimes the "purple riot" chanted by Keats, sometimes a species of blasphemy which maintains the friendliest understanding with pietism, if not piety. All this is from the purpose: so is Miss McLeod's wearing of the lionskin, and that self-intoxication which, like other forms of infatuation, rests commonly on an imperfect acquaintance with its object. In relation to true art, these things are at the best irrelevancies, at the worst impediments. But there are other signs which nourish the hope of good from the ferment of reckless energy in the veins of this fire-girt and man-weaponed, if not man-sinewed, young Brunhild of our day. There is a combination of impact and velocity which is auspicious; there is a capacity for style with preference for substance; there are self-curbings between the self-loosings or self-lashings; there are traces of design emergent through the nebulosities of adolescence like a planet's broken disk through its envelope of vapor. On the question whether this early power is climatic or merely seasonal, whether, in plain words, it means personality or youth, whether it can outlast the sharp tests of the advent of maturity and the translation into actualities, the sole authority is time. That Miss McLeod is well worth watching, the following lines from "Mother to Son" will sufficiently demonstrate:

Before I knew the love of man
The lovely dream of you began.

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When I said "Jesus meek and mild"
My Jesus was a little child.
I nursed the kitten on my knee,
And nursed you where no eye could see.
When I grew up to woman's grace
I saw you in your father's face,
Your hands were beating at my breast,
And gave my womanhood no rest, . . .
Keep that proud body fine and fair,
My love is monumented there.
For my love make no woman weep,
For my love hold no woman cheap,
And see you give no woman scorn
For that dark night when you were born.

"The Factories" as a volume has not ripened or deepened the impression of power which its master-lyric, "God and the Strong Ones," made upon me in another setting. There is signal ability, much beauty, much cunning, much insight, disturbed often, for one reader, by some estranging circumstance. The care of the poor is dear to me, and Miss Widdemer's labor poems are high-purposed, but I could wish that she did not lay the whole proletariat like a foundling at my door, in the wish to localize responsibility. Can men be stung into beneficence?

Take another matter, that of versification. Miss Widdemer's virtuosity is sometimes notable, but again she tasks and cumbers her lines in a fashion that I can only suppose to be voluntary; accident could hardly have been so malicious. Again, I feel sometimes a disparity between the execution and the weapons, even between the execution and the marksmanship. In the following quatrain, dealing with the momentary revival of a lapsed passion, my feelings respond slackly to what my judgment affirms to be a true and strong emotional percept couched in direct and stirring language:

The sharp repentances of old
That I was freed from, clutch and hold.
Yet all my being cries again—
"Thank God! Thank God for the old pain!"

Here is every property of fire—except heat: and my numbness is an inconsequence that I cannot justify. Is it final seriousness that is wanting? The poems abound in what may be called primary seriousness; they are grave, markedly grave, and their coloring is unmistakably sombre.

Let me freely—almost remorsefully—admit that these poems are rich in the insignia of power, even in its rarer insignia, and the power itself is sometimes incontestable. I quote from "A Cyprian Woman":

Love and grief and motherhood,
Fame and mirth and scorn,
These are all shall befall
Any woman born.

Jewel-laden are my hands,
Tall my stone above—
Do not weep that I sleep,
Who was wise in love.

"The House That Was," name-giver to Mr. Low's volume, is in other points inadequate for the office of sponsor. Mr. Low's gift is largely musical, with emphasis on the sort of music which treats the ear not as thoroughfare, but as destination. He "turns on" the fountain of his melody, and it plays delicately in the dusk of his meditations, "spattering lilies" in his ornate phrase, but always reverting to its own basin, not watering the terrace or quenching the wayfarer's thirst. He offers pleasure in abundance to readers for whom fancy is indistinguishable from imagination. In bolder themes his success varies, but possibly the lines "For the Dedication of a Toy Theatre" show his powers at their acme.

Mr. Percy's book is in the neo-classic vein. He is classical even to the nicety of writing "Levkas" for "Leukas" or "Leucas," but, unless my ear be in fault, not so bigotedly classical as to accent "Danaë" upon the first syllable (see page 60). He leaves such meticulosities to Tennyson: "Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars." Speaking of the "Princess," Mr. Percy's graft of modernism upon antiquity might be not unfitly compared to that ancient statue of Sir Ralph about which the madcap Lilia draped the orange scarf and the rosy vestment. Mr. Percy's metre is mostly respectful of tradition, but he is libertine enough to end his lines with "to's" and "for's," the easiest path to fellowship with Shakespeare. His work is so devoid of feeling, that when he seeks to paint voluptuousness sympathetically, the poem "burns frore," in the pungent Miltonic phrase, and in "St. Francis to the Birds," where the aim is tenderness, he can compass nothing but coldness and sparkle. This sparkle is Mr. Percy's distinction; it resides in diction merely, but it affords me the pleasure I might feel in passing through my fingers handfuls of fragments of porphyry and jade and onyx and lapis-lazuli. As the trait is nearly ubiquitous and only faintly variable, a very few lines will qualify the reader to appraise its desert:

And ever loveliness has swept my heart
With lyric hand of rapture. Mine to feel
The majesty and tears and color of the sea;
The awe and high obedience of the stars;
To watch at eve the saffron of thy garment's hem;
To wake unto thy midnight messengers,
The purple winds that roam infinity.

I have a difficulty in classifying Mr. Marquis which recalls the landlady in Mr. Jerome's play, who, hesitating to assign a room either to the second or the third floor, compromised on, "Well, it's above the second floor" (I quote from memory). Mr. Marquis occupies, so to speak, an entresol. A dozen pages seem to disclose one of those facile and gracile talents in which a large—a very large—wrappage of accomplishment enswathes a modest core of personality. The wealth of phrase and delicacy of ear are admirable supplements to each other, but most of the poems suggest a basic mediocrity; they exhibit the orthodoxy of heterodoxy, the slightly worn originality in which the "shine" is beginning to replace the gloss. I am not yet sure that this judgment is mistaken, but, after fuller readings, I am bound to confess that its tenure is no longer a sinecure. In some of the later poems, often religious or evolutionary in theme, in "The Jesters," "An Open Fire," "In Mars, What Avatar," and "The Struggle," I feel that, if imagination has not awaked, its waking at least has been magnificently counterfeited:

And lo—even as he died
The moonlight failed above the vale,—
And somehow, sure, I know not how!—
Between the rifted rocks the great Sun struck
A finger down the cliff, and that red beam
Lay sharp across the face of him that I had slain;
And in that light I read the answer of the silent gods
Unto my cursed-out prayer.
For he that lay upon the ground was—I!

"The Cup of Comus," which collects the last droppings from the pen of Madison Cawein, is not the fiery or deadly liquor which its name might intimate; it is a delicate, subtly tempered beverage, like that which the monks of Egypt served to Cosimo Dalbo in D'Annunzio's play—Arab tea perfumed with violets. The poet has his evident limitations with the recital of which I shall not trouble the ears of his friends in the hour of their reverence and sorrow, but impartial criticism may join with personal tenderness in sincere homage to the exceptional fineness of quality exhibited again and again in these genuinely imaginative lyrics.

O. W. Firkins.

Correspondence

COLONEL ROOSEVELT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It was with considerable satisfaction that I read Mr. Copley Amory's letter entitled "In Defence of the Colonel," in your issue of May 11. Mr. Amory has expressed the views of several readers with whom I have discussed the editorial policy of the *Nation* towards Colonel Roosevelt. There is a growing feeling, I find, that in your denunciation of the Colonel you have gone beyond the limits of good sense. Such rabid views as you have recently expressed regarding his policies begin to make one doubt the sanity of your estimate of him and—what is worse—the keenness of your sense of humor. The same thing is true of the review which recently appeared in your columns of "Fear God and Take Your Own Part." A more temperate critical tone, a more generous recognition of Mr. Roosevelt's virtues, would be far more effective in gaining converts to your point of view. Violent editorial castigations of a public man rarely turn people against him. On the contrary, by inspiring the inevitable sympathy for the under dog, they tend to turn people in his favor. You are in fact making the very mistake that Mr. Roosevelt has so often made. By the very savageness of his onslaughts he has often aroused sympathy for his political foes and thereby added to their following. In the same way, you, by your virulent condemnation of him, are in many instances awakening a sense of partisanship for him that would not exist if a more moderate critical tone were adopted. Your reading public is not the kind that is going to be swept from the moorings of conviction by furious blasts of denunciation. Critical re-

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straint, fairmindedness, and above all a readiness to concede the virtues of an opponent, will convince a hundred readers where mudslinging and vituperation will persuade one.

One cannot help feeling, too, that baiting the Colonel is after all a rather cheap and vulgar editorial pastime. It certainly does not imply political acumen of a high order. Almost any one can sit down and indite a tirade condemning Mr. Roosevelt. His faults are manifold, and by frankly expressing his views on a wide range of political topics he furnishes ample material for attack. In fact, it seems to have become the practice of newspaper editors, when hard up for copy, to write a column or two of scathing abuse regarding the Colonel. This is the easiest kind of space-filler to turn out, and it is with regret that one finds a paper of the *Nation's* standing indulging in it. E. E. C.

New Haven, Conn., May 13.

"THE IMMEDIATE CAUSES OF THE WAR."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In Mr Edmund Raymond Turner's answer (in your issue of April 13) to my criticism, in the same issue, of his article on the European war in the *Nation* for January 27, the writer seems to continue to doubt and asks me to prove that the German Chancellor acknowledged the *Westminster Gazette* telegram (omitted from the German and Austrian diplomatic correspondence probably on account of its treaty straining character) as official in his speech before the Reichstag of August 19, 1915.

This speech was published in the official *Deutscher Reichsanzeiger*, No. 196, of August 20, 1915, and in the semi-official *Koelnische-Zeitung* of the same date. Mr. M. B. Claussen had it translated into English from the latter for the German Information Service of 30 East 42d Street, New York, and sent it as a leaflet dated September 23, 1915, to numerous American newspapers. Whether any reasonable number of them were fair enough to publish it I am unable to say.

The point, unfortunately missed by the writer in failing to base any of his criticism on this telegram, would be that, if Germany, notwithstanding her alliance, puts pressure, coupled with a threat, on her ally Austria to keep the peace, the immorality of England and France would consist in the fact that they under similar circumstances put no such pressure on their ally Russia.

H. C. Mercer.

Doylestown, Pa., April 24.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* for April 13, Mr. H. C. Mercer has challenged Prof. Edward Raymond Turner's article in an earlier issue entitled "The Immediate Causes of the War." Professor Turner's brief reply is convincing, in my opinion, but there are several points in Mr. Mercer's letter which he has not discussed, and which should not pass unrefuted.

Mr. Mercer's fourth charge is that Russian mobilization began on July 25, 1914, "that is, before Russia had promised Servia to help her, before Austria had declared war on Servia, and probably soon after the Austrian ultimatum to Servia (July 23) had been issued." He bases this statement on exhibit 23a in the German White Book, a telegram of July 30 from the Czar to the Kaiser. Nicholas says: "The military measures now taking form were decided upon five days ago." What were these measures? The mobilization of the four southern circumscriptions of Odessa, Kazan, Moscow, and Kiev, or of the thirteen corps intended to operate against *Austria*. But the order was not actually given until July 29, that is, *after* the Austrian declaration of war against Servia; moreover, Berlin was officially informed of this mobilization by the Russian Government.

The statement is also made (No. 2) that no pressure was put on Russia by her partners of the Entente to halt her mobilization. If Mr. Mercer will consult dispatch No. 103, dated July 30, of the British Blue Book, he will find Sir Edward Grey telegraphing to St. Petersburg: "If Austria, having occupied Belgrade and neighboring Servian territory, declares herself ready, in the interest of European peace, to cease her advance and to discuss how a complete settlement can be arrived at, I hope that Russia would also consent to discussion and suspension of further military preparations, provided that other Powers did the same." The next day Sir Edward telegraphed: "If the Russian Government object to the Austrians mobilizing eight army corps, it might be pointed out that this is not too great a number against 400,000 Servians" (No. 110). Finally, on August 1 King George made "a personal appeal" to the Czar to "remove the misapprehension" which the Russian mobilization caused in Germany ("Collected Diplomatic Documents," p. 357). As regards France, in the very dispatch which Mr. Mercer cites to prove French complicity with Russia (French, No. 101), we read: "Russia should not immediately take any step which may offer Germany a pretext for a total or partial mobilization of her forces." Also on July 30 King George telegraphed to Prince Henry of Prussia: "My Government is doing the utmost possible to induce Russia and France to postpone further military preparations" (Second German White Book, No. 2).

Coming to British, No. 123, in which Sir Edward Grey refused to formulate the conditions on which England would remain neutral, even though Prince Lichnowsky suggested that Germany might respect the neutrality of Belgium, we must note that Sir Edward Grey could scarcely formulate terms of neutrality at a moment (August 1) when Germany had launched ultimatums against Russia and France; a promise to stand aside would remove the only obstacle which might make Germany hesitate. Moreover, Mr. Mercer seems to overlook the fact that so far was Germany from being willing to respect the neutrality of Belgium, as the price of British neutrality, that on August 3 she expressly asked England not to make that one of the conditions of neutrality (British, No. 157). Sir Edward Grey received this communication before his speech in Parliament: which surely explains why he did not say that Prince Lichnowsky had *unofficially* suggested that Germany *might* be willing to respect her obligations towards Belgium. Sir Edward Grey's later statement on August 27 (Hansard, 5th series, Vol. LXVI, cols. 123-126) fully absolves him from the charge of misrepresenting the attitude of Germany on August 3, when he formulated the policy of the British Government.

Lastly, a word about the letter of Baron de l'Escaille from St. Petersburg on July 30, intercepted in Germany, in which it is stated that England had then promised her assistance to Russia. The Second Belgian Grey Book contains a St. Petersburg dispatch of July 31 (No. 17), in which the Belgian Minister, who had just returned to his post, says that the British Ambassador has not yet been instructed to explain the intentions of London to the Russian Government. "The instructions of the Ambassador are to explain to St. Petersburg that if Russia desires the support of Great Britain, she must avoid carefully even the appearance of any aggressive step in the present crisis."

Bernadotte E. Schmitt.

Western Reserve University, April 18.

ROCHEFOUCAULD AND PEACE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Though I love peace as ardently as any one, it seems to me that in these days when there are many people who believe we shall prove to the world our *virtue* as a nation by keeping peace at the cost of any principle or sacrifice, the following maxims of La Rochefoucauld are very pertinent:

"C'est une grande folie de vouloir être sage tout seul."

"Cette clémence, dont on fait une vertu, se pratique tantôt par vanité, quelquefois par paresse, souvent par crainte, et presque toujours par toutes les trois ensemble."

C. F. Zeek, Jr.

Dallas, Tex., April 24.

THE PROFESSOR'S CONSOLATION PRIZE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letter of "A Faculty Wife," in your issue of March 30, has come home to some of us here at Wisconsin with melancholy force, and I should myself be the last to deny its genuine appeal, being not yet altogether convinced that my services are worth so little as the sum which I take formal oath, month by month, that I have really earned. She seems, however, to have overlooked one essential element of the situation, and indeed never to have heard the dictum of our wisest administrative officer—that college teachers have no cause to grumble, since what they miss in the way of salary is amply made up to them in social prestige. This idea, ever since it was first brought to my attention, has sensibly mitigated what disappointment I may from time to time have felt, and if "A Faculty Wife" will ponder it, I do not doubt that she also will find comfort in its superior justice. For in a strictly democratic community, inspired by a famously democratic university, what greater blessing could a man (and his wife) enjoy than social prestige? Her own letter may be cited against discontent. The instructor she mentions, who "did the family washing while the baby was little," had he been in business and therefore obliged to maintain an exterior, however fallacious, of prosperity, would he have dared to do it? Assuredly no. And what enabled him to manifest his innate "domestic chivalry"? What but that social prestige, mentioned by our kindly administrator, which placed him above suspicion? I have myself, under similar circumstances, hung out baby linen upon the line in our backyard; and when my well-to-do neighbor (whose father came to this country long before any proposed literacy

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test had the chance of keeping him out, and made his pile)—when my well-to-do neighbor, cranking his machine in the adjacent garage, looked over wonderingly, I have reflected: "Ah, my dear sir, don't you wish that you were in a position to do this kind of thing?" The reflection is tonic.

Since baby outgrew the period of constant washing, I have enjoyed my privilege in other ways—chiefly in riding a bicycle about town on errands. No business man of this community would dare to do it: some few of the older generation walk, but most, of course, move about in machines. I cannot say that all my colleagues approve of my wheeling; some, who seem to fear that they may be mistaken for laboring men or people of no account, have hinted that it was indecent or ridiculous. The townspeople, however, evidently accept it as a privilege of rank; in their eyes, it does not matter what a college professor does. Some years since, I rather rashly joined the local golf club and had the pleasure of being the only man who rode out to the course on a wheel—others went in machines, or in the bus at twenty-five cents the round trip. Most of them, I believe, are still going. As for me, I had unfortunately failed to reckon that social prestige, though it would enable me to save on transportation, would not pay my dues or keep me in balls. I was therefore obliged to drop out, ignominiously. But that was not the fault of the University.

It may be that in other parts of the country, where aristocracy is a matter of family or wealth, college professors do not enjoy such immunities; but here in democratic Wisconsin we *count*, and if "A Faculty Wife" will once adjust her imagination to that truth, she will cease to think of her husband's low pay as a calamity and view it as what it really is, the badge of aristocracy. X.

Madison, Wis., April 14.

PROHIBITION IN VERMONT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A marked copy of the *Nation* of March 16 contains an article entitled "Ups and Downs of Prohibition," in which the writer uses the recent election in Vermont as an argument to support the assumption that proper zeal for prohibition is on the wane in this country. As the *Nation* is interested in facts and truths, you will doubtless allow me space to say, from the standpoint of a believer in no-license, that much misinformation concerning the Vermont election has gained publicity throughout the country.

While it is true that Vermont voters rejected prohibition and retained the Local Option law already on the statute books, the situation was so complicated that it is difficult, if not impossible, to draw any definite conclusions bearing on the national issue of the saloon. The most interesting fact, and one which seems entirely to have escaped notice outside the Green Mountain State, is that defenders of the saloon, in order to defeat prohibition, argued strenuously in favor of local option, a form of dealing with the liquor traffic which is only one step behind prohibition in many States.

According to trustworthy reports concerning the campaign the liquor forces made large use of the town-meeting idea to which New England has been wedded since the remote past. It was easy for the license advocates to frame arguments calculated to show that if local-option machinery were not retained, according to the law passed in 1903, local home rule would be reduced to a minimum. This argument seems to have been worked for all it was worth and much more. Many people, pronounced in opposition to saloons, fearing that prohibition would leave them without local home rule, voted for local option and let home rule go by the board.

A further explanation of the result is that the rural vote, on which the "drys" depended, was to a large extent snowbound in the Vermont mountains on election day, hence it could not be counted.

William P. Lovett.

Lansing, Mich., April 22.

Literature

ESSAYS BY ENGLISH HUMANITARIANS.

Towards a Lasting Settlement. By G. Lowes Dickinson, Charles Roden Buxton, H. Sidebotham, J. A. Hobson, Irene Cooper Willis, A. Maude Royden, H. N. Brailsford, Philip Snowden, M.P., and Vernon Lee. Edited by Charles Roden Buxton. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.

The essays in this inconspicuous little volume are of varying merit and interest, but in all of them is a spirit of loftiness, calm detachment, and sincere desire for the amelioration of humanity. Some of the suggestions appear impractical, and sometimes it seems to us that ideas contained in them are what the authors generously desire rather than what they are able clearly to work out.

Mr. Dickinson's essay on the basis of permanent peace is the first and also, perhaps, the best. War is not necessary in the best interests of people, either for obtaining territory or markets or outlet for population, or for greater security and defence. "The system of armed States . . . is enough of itself to produce war," for the fear of war is a potent cause even when other causes are lacking. Above all, the author is humanitarian and cosmopolitan, and to him the basic fact of the contemporary world is division of men into nationalities. Nationalism and its derivative patriotism in their uglier and more extreme forms produce war. The jingo recognizes between his nation and another no relation but force; but every attempt to guarantee peace presupposes the willingness of nations to submit their national causes to the rules of a common law and morality. In this would be nothing incompatible with the true interest of peoples. "Internationalism does not attack the feeling, 'We belong to ourselves.' It attacks only its perversion, 'We do not belong to you.'" The author declares that the future of civilization depends upon whether after this war it is their independence or their interdependence that nations will stress.

Mr. Buxton discusses problems of nationality, showing how complicated is the European situation and how difficult is the task of complying with the legitimate desires of those whose national hopes remain unsatisfied. In many instances the solution seems to be autonomy rather than national sovereignty. There is admirable description of the various national characters, when the author pleads that each receive its chance to live and develop. For smaller nationalities this can be only when there is security and a condition of freedom from war. He believes that just aspirations can best be satisfied by the Entente Powers and not if the Teutonic allies triumph; but "the tradition of the Foreign Offices of Europe is wholly indifferent to nationality. . . . Diplomacy is much more concerned with the temporary interests of governments than with the permanent interests of peoples." If nationality is to be rightly considered, there must be pressure of democratic opinion when the settlement of the war is made.

Freedom of the seas, by which is meant "exemption of commerce from the operations of war so long as it does not take part in them," is considered with remarkable absence of patriotic bias by Mr. Sidebotham. England, admittedly the protagonist of freedom in periods of peace, is considered by her critics to be its greatest opponent in time of war; and the author sees in the proclamation closing the North Sea to shipping a revival of ideas contained in Selden's "Mare Clausum." But, he says, the Allies began by observing the provisions of the Declaration of London, and kept within legal bounds, until the folly of Germany in violating international law opened the way to measures of retaliation which tended to blockade her oversea trade. In our opinion he is mistaken in assuming that in the United States, Germany and England are considered equally at fault. So long as militarism remains a sinister force upon the Continent, he thinks that navalism should be maintained; but as he desires destruction of the one, so he hopes for complete abandonment of the other.

"No measure of political independence," says Mr. Hobson, "could secure for any moderately progressive people the freedom which they require." The idea of the economically self-contained state is obsolescent; governments must seek for their people liberties of trade, migration, and investment. There is great and inevitable conflict at present in the seeking of these things, with constant and potent cause for strife. The restrictions and monopolies now prevailing bring some profit to the capitalist class, but to the masses economic burdens in peace, and often the danger of war. So one of the elements of a lasting settlement hereafter must be the emancipation of foreign policy from the control of private interests working for their own profit, and the gradual adopting and working out of the policy of the Open Door.

In an interesting but less important essay Miss Willis contrasts the beginning of the present war against Germany with the caus-

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es which brought England into her struggle with the French Revolutionists. She expounds a thesis which was advanced in this country some years ago by Dr. Laprade, that Pitt entered the conflict in 1793 at least partly as a result of English party politics.

In "War and the Woman's Movement" Miss Royden deals sanely with an interesting subject of considerable importance. The participation of women in government, she thinks, must be based upon the supremacy of moral law, and can never really take place in a state ruled by physical force. Because of this, and perhaps for this reason only, the triumph of the woman's movement would be an element in maintaining permanent peace.

The most important constructive writing in the volume is Mr. Brailsford's essay on the organization of peace. What is needed is the organization of Europe. To some extent this is already in being, for Europe no longer consists of six great Powers and some minor states, but of two great groups. So close are the links that almost any war involving a great Power must be a general war. Hence there is less reason now than formerly why a nation should resent the intervention of others in a dispute. The least, he says, at which workers in this field must aim "is an agreement that every Power will consent to submit every threatening dispute to the study of a standing council, and to refrain from war until its recommendations have been issued." The things gained in the operation of such a scheme would be delay for the action of public opinion, registry in each dispute of an impartial recommendation for its settlement, the enabling of citizens to judge whether their Government were acting aggressively, and possible isolation of the aggressor. Obtaining delay is all-important. The author understands the difficulties in the way of establishing any such scheme, and he considers them, and also discusses some of the plans which have been brought forward. That which he most favors is the creation of a European parliament—the erection of a council to represent not the governments, but the peoples, of Europe.

In "Democracy and Publicity in Foreign Affairs" Mr. Snowden deals with a subject much cherished by optimists of late. He says that this war will have been fought in vain if the working classes have not learned the paramount necessity that foreign affairs be more in public. Their control, he says, is still in the hands of those who formerly monopolized power. The author asks for greater publicity, freer discussion, and increased parliamentary control. In our opinion, the realization of this should come in the future, but cannot be in the present. The author discusses some of the difficulties, but seems not to appreciate how fundamental they are, and does not, we think, suggest any plan by which they may in practice be avoided.

The volume is brought to an end with an essay on the democratic principle and international relations. We think that Miss Paget is here less interesting or less successful than her colleagues, for while the treatment may be profound, it has rather seemed to us heavy and obscure. By democracy the author understands "a tendency towards a particular mode of judging and acting," and reckons foremost among its principles hostility to artificial privilege and monopoly.

CLODS, HAMLETS, AND OTHERS.

The Confession. By Maxim Gorky. Translated from the Russian by Rose Strunsky. With an Introduction by the translator. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The River of Life, and Other Stories. By Alexander Kuprin. Translated from the Russian by S. Koteliansky and J. M. Murry. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

The Duel. By A. Kuprin. New York: The Macmillan Co.

In his essay on "The Rejection of Consciousness" (*Nation*, December 30, 1915) Prof. Warner Fite said something which must have comforted more than one uneasy reader of certain alleged master-fictions: "In Russian realism it seems that every one who is not a clod is, like Turgenieff's chance acquaintance, a Hamlet—'of the District Tschigri' or some other district. Dmitri Roudine is uncertan whether he is a hero or a humbug. Neschdanoff, in 'Virgin Soil,' is a nihilist who discovers in the end that his nihilism is merely æsthetic. Even honest Bezukhov, in Tolstoy's 'War and Peace,' is haunted by a constant sense of not meaning what he says." And it is a Hamlet in his wanton mood, sure at least of his body and its demands, who peoples this world—a world of vivid hallucination, of intensely feeble or intensely shameful illusion. If we cannot visit these regions of nightmare without distress, what is that in us but a sign of waking health?

Gorky's present translator expresses her faith in him as an interpreter of the Russian spirit. He does indeed see beyond the bad dream of life as it is a mystical vision of life as it may or even shall be. His central figure here is a peasant boy of unknown paternity, who gropes his way through the filth of every-day experience, and the false glamour of formal religion, to a religion of humanity, a healing belief in the people as the creators or embodiment of divinity. This faith is the substance of his "confession," and upon its pinnacle we leave him exalted:

> I saw the earth, my mother, in space between the stars, and brightly she gazed out with her ocean eyes into the distance and the depths. I saw her like a bowl of bright red, incessantly seething, human blood, and I saw her master, the all-powerful, immortal people.
>
> They winged her life with a great activity and hope, and I prayed:
>
> "Thou art my God, the creator of all gods, which thou weavest out of the beauty of thy soul and the labor and agony of thy seeking.
>
> "There shall be no God but thou, for thou art the one God, the creator of miracles."
>
> This is what I believe and confess.
>
> And always do I return there where people free the souls of their neighbors from the yoke of darkness and superstition and unite them and disclose to them their own secret physiognomy, and aid them to recognize the strength of their own wills and teach them the one and true path to a general union for the sake of the great cause, the cause of the universal creating of God.

It is only in such visions, admits the translator, that Gorky rises above the despair of the actual: "Life is depressing, life is a quagmire, a bog wherein great and noble souls are forced to wallow, when suddenly light appears. It is in the organization for the creation of a better life." Unless when this supernal light shines, Gorky remains like the Father Anthony of this narrative: "He clothed life in gray, showed it to me as something insane, and people for him were only a herd of crazy swine who were dashing to the abyss with varying rapidity." As for the "me" of the book, the peasant Hamlet, who is called Matvei, he, like his creator, is saved from despair only by mysticism. Intellect merely tortures him: "My thoughts," he says on one occasion, with painful ingenuousness, "were like water-hens in a puddle, jumping from stump to stump." Swine or water-hens, clods or Hamlets—such, visions apart, are the concrete human materials upon which the story, as a narrative, is based.

Miss Strunsky cautions us: "In reading Russian literature, it must always be remembered that one is reading of a people whose civilization is intrinsically different from that of the West." This it is easy to understand; what puzzles and harasses us in reading fiction like Gorky's is that it seems to bring us into contact with a people totally lacking mental and moral stability, a race with childish deficiencies of humor and common-sense—never, at best, escaping the psycho-physical torments of a mentally precocious puberty. It is reassuring to find another sort of evidence now and again, as in the "Dead Souls" of Gogol, with its rich humor, or in the work of Gorky's contemporary Kuprin, now first introduced to English readers.

The hero of "The Duel," the novel which gave this writer a Russian hearing, may, to be sure, be dismissed as another Hamlet; but he is not a Hamlet of the commonly alleged Russian or water-hen type. Ineffective as Sub-Lieutenant Romashov is, he is not a mere receptacle for random thought and emotions—"a limbeck only." He hangs together, has a recognizable personality, commands our sympathy as a fellow-being. Sentimental Tommy would be a closer prototype than Hamlet: he is ourselves, our fallible and laughable, but (let us hope) not quite contemptible or unlovable selves. In short, he is a product of creative humor as intelligible to the West as to the East. His habit of thinking of himself in the third person as a hero of romance, the sensitive-

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ness which shrinks from the vulgar debauchery of his comrades, his need and knack of investing life with a glamour, his saving humor—these are traits of a character which embodies a type of universal human concern. The scene is laid in a provincial garrison town, in peace times. The society there is the society of such towns the world over, if we are to believe the novelists. There is nothing to do, nothing to hope for. Drunkenness and sex intrigue are the only diversions; and there are few who, like Romashov, retain any sort of illusion. And Romashov's dreams do not qualify him as an officer. There is poignant humor in the episode of the review which is the great official event of the book. The commanding general is holding it. Romashov is thrilled by the splendor of the occasion, the music, the sounds of voices giving the commands—"sixteen captains risking their lives [says the author slyly] in mad attempt to shout each other down":

> With a light and elegant step Romashov hurried to his place right in front of the second half-company's pivot. A blissful, intoxicating feeling of pride came over him whilst he allowed his glance to glide quickly over the first row of his division. "The old swashbuckler viewed with an eagle's eyes the brave band of veterans," he declaimed silently, after which in a prolonged sing-song he gave the order. . . . So potent a feeling of lightness, freedom, and bliss rushed through his being that he fancied he could at any moment whirl himself into space. And while he felt he was an object of delight and admiration to the eyes of all—a centre of all the universe contains of strength, beauty, and delight, he said to himself, as though under the witchery of a heavenly dream—
>
> "Look, look, there goes Romashov! The ladies' eyes are shining with love and admiration. One, two, left, right. 'Col. Shulgovich,' shouts the General, 'your Romashov is a priceless jewel; he must be my Adjutant.'"

And thereupon poor Romashov strays off absently in pursuit of his vision, and throws his company into hopeless confusion, and wins himself a public reprimand. As real as he, and as typical, is the beautiful and heartless Shurochka, who is married and determined to make the worldly best of her marriage. She is in love with Romashov, but has not the least notion of letting passion interfere with the main chance. And there is a deadly irony in the ruse by which, in the end, she satisfies her passion and offers up Romashov to the idol of her petty ambition. The story is not "pleasant," these people, these events even, resemble those to which Slavic fancy has wonted us, but somehow in a humanized, intelligible form.

The English of this version is less free from traces of alien idiom than that of the four tales by Kuprin collected under the title of the first, "The River of Life." These stories, which we take to be of later workmanship than "The Duel," show the same qualities of observation, insight, and sane though unsparing humor. Sex plays its frank part in them; but if they are not for the young person, they are not for the prurient grown-up either. The gross Anna Friedrichovna, her precociously sensual little daughter Aluchka, in "The River of Life," the prostitute in "Captain Ribnikov"—such figures as these are not moralized, or sentimentalized; they are simply humanized by the shaping hand of their interpreter. Capt. Ribnikoff himself, the Japanese spy, who so nearly succeeds with his rôle of the down-at-heels Russian officer, is a *tour de force*, but even he is made credible and an object of unforced sympathy. In short, here is a Russian who does not feel himself torn between gross materialism and hectic propaganda, who sees life without illusion, but without despair, and is able to value it for its own sake.

H. W. Boynton.

FROM THE YUKON TO CALIFORNIA.

Camp Fires in the Yukon. By Harry A. Auer. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co. $1.75 net.

In the Oregon Country. By George Palmer Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75 net.

Spanish Mission Churches of New Mexico. By L. Bradford Prince. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: The Torch Press. $1.50 net.

Stately Homes of California. By Porter Garnett. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.50 net.

Life Diary and Letters of Oscar Lovell Shafter. Edited by Flora Haines Loughead. San Francisco: John J. Newbegin. $5 net.

With Europe closed to tourists for another summer, our Pacific Slope will once more attract many of those who otherwise would have crossed the Atlantic. Every year an increasing number of recreation seekers make Alaska and the Klondike their goal. These, and all persons who like to know about the habits of wild animals in their mountain homes, will find entertainment in reading Mr. Auer's "Camp Fires in the Yukon"; but only the most robust and venturesome will dare follow him into "the greatest hunting field for big game in North America"; the only region where, on a single expedition, the sportsman can obtain moose, caribou, mountain sheep, goats, and grizzly bear in plenty; the region of the St. Elias mountain range, which forms the boundary between our Alaska and the Canadian Yukon. To reach this region Mr. Auer took the steamer at Seattle for a run of about a thousand miles "through the most wonderful inland ocean in the world," where the forest slopes and the snowy peaks above them, steadily increasing in height, "add to the traveller's increasing interest in a moving picture, the major note of which is majesty and power beyond words to express." At Skagway he took the train up the famous White Pass to White Horse, where the lone trail was followed; and even this soon ended, at Lake Kluane. From there the sportsman proceeded with pack-horses and guides—not professional guides, but trappers, who, during summer, are willing to show the way and help hunting for $10 a day. They surely earned their wages, for they took their employer to ranges where he saw up to a hundred caribou in one herd, and likewise from two hundred to over five hundred mountain sheep. Mr. Auer is not one of those savages whose aim is to make a record slaughter. He lived up to an ideal thus expressed by him: "The novice will not understand the real joy which the sportsman experiences in merely watching and studying wild life in its wild and beautiful environment, but the true sportsman loves the beautiful wild life, and really takes no delight in mere killing, for the true sportsman kills but little game, and then only for food or to secure a particularly fine trophy; even then he kills with a feeling of regret." He relates many interesting details regarding the habits of the animals, and the book is illustrated with a number of snapshot photographs. Once the party had to climb barefoot in the snow, and many were the hardships they had to endure, but they intensely enjoyed "that entirely alive feeling that is begotten only by activity," and it was "in sullen silence" that they returned to "the man-made rattle, constrictions, and pettiness of a complex civilization."

It is by no means necessary to go so far as the St. Elias range in the Yukon in order to enjoy adventures in almost unexplored mountain regions and rivers on the Pacific Slope. George Palmer Putnam tells readers of his "In the Oregon Country" about an ascent of Mt. Olympus, the forests of the Northwest, Mt. Tacoma (he calls it "Tacoma-Rainier," so as not to offend Seattleites), and A Summer in the Sierras. He also takes them up the Columbia River and describes the fertile and picturesque Willamette Valley, the heart of Oregon. But the most interesting section of his book is that in which he relates, as an eye-witness, how central Oregon, "the greatest railroadless land," suddenly became blessed with two railways, owing to a duel between rival systems—a duel having its comic aspects, on which the writer dwells. The "appalling distances" in this region are now condensed, and tourists can easily follow the author into "the big land between the Cascades and Blue Mountains" which "was untouched yesterday and is to-day the pleasantest—and least hackneyed—outdoor playland available in all the West"—a playland including "the most stupendously appealing river scenery in all the Northwest"—the Cañon of the Deschutes, down which Mr. Putnam went in a canoe when the rival railways were building on either side.

While this book shows us the modern West in the making, the next one on our list dwells on the regrettable unmaking of historic monuments. Many books have been written on the old missions and churches of California, but it remained for L. Bradford Prince to do a similar service for the mission buildings of New Mexico, some of which are a century and a half older than those of

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California. It was high time, too, that this service was rendered, for many of these monuments to missionary zeal are being rapidly destroyed, some by natural agencies, others by man. The author spent years of patient research in collecting his material, including pictures of the churches before they were "improved." The chapter on the Pueblo Revolution and the Reconquest gives a vivid picture of life in New Mexico in the last two decades of the seventeenth century. Some of the chapters deal with antiquities like Laguna, Acoma, Zuñi, Albuquerque, that have often been pictured and described; but the greater part of Mr. Prince's volume is concerned with the less-known relics, to which his volume serves as a guide.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that between these ruins of ancient mission buildings and the homes of California millionaires pictured and described in Mr. Garnett's sumptuous volume. Among the homes described are those of W. H. Crocker, Phœbe A. Hearst, H. E. Huntington, James L. Flood, and eight others. California's varied opportunities for picturesque landscape gardening are admirably exemplified in this volume.

The book on Oscar Lovell Shafter is chiefly a family document, but the letters of Mr. Shafter, who was Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of California in 1864-1868, are of general interest. They begin in 1854, when San Francisco had a population of 60,000 souls, "the majority of whom live in princes' houses and do business in shops and warehouses of which the oldest and most populous city might well be proud." So far as the women were concerned, Montgomery Street outshone Broadway. They all wore silks of the richest fabric; but this, it appears, was due to the fact that "silk is less affected by dust than woollen would be, and the climate is altogether too varied for cotton."

THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION.

Comparative Religion: Its Adjuncts and Allies. By Henry Louis Jordan. New York: Oxford University Press.

Mr. Jordan has found his mission in life as a promoter of "Comparative Religion." He has published a stout volume on "Comparative Religion: Its Genesis and Growth" (1905); has written pamphlets on "Its Method and Scope," "Its Origin and Outlook," with others to follow on "Its Range and Limitations," "Its Constitution and Capabilities," and he promises future volumes on "Its Meaning and Value," "Its Principles and Problems." He has also given a quadriennial "Survey of Its Recent Literature" (1906, 1910, 1914), and projected a series of volumes on the study of religion in the universities of different countries, one of which has already appeared. These publications are elaborately cross-referenced in past, present, and future.

By "Comparative Religion," Mr. Jordan is never weary of repeating, he does not mean what other people do. The name has in common use been applied to a study of religions which deals, not with a single religion, but with a larger or smaller group of religions, or with the phenomena of religion in general, from what are called primitive religions up to the most advanced, and from every possible—or impossible—point of view. That it is a felicitous name probably no one would assert; but like many other infelicitous terms, it has become conventional and does not seem likely to be superseded. When a scholar of the last generation, with his head full of *Vergleichende Sprachwissenschaft*, conceived an analogous *Vergleichende Religionswissenschaft*, and with a certain obtuseness to idiom did his idea into English as "Comparative Science of Religion," he might have foreseen that economy of speech would presently reduce this Teutonic title to "Comparative Religions" or "Comparative Religion"; and whatever objection may be made to this name, the wide scope usually given to it is entirely justifiable in the light of its origin.

Mr. Jordan, however, is determined that Comparative Religion shall be nothing if not *comparative*. The study of the religions of savages which the ethnologist undertakes or the history of the religions of civilized peoples, he will not allow us to call Comparative Religion; he would exclude from that title the descriptive and historical treatment of religions on every stage. Comparative Religion is to be a science by itself, distinct from the many other things that have been called by the name, but in reality are only the "adjuncts and allies" of Comparative Religion. He is especially insistent that Comparative Religion must never be confounded with the History of Religions, "a science which should no longer be allowed to usurp an academic position to which it can establish no claim." He has, in fact, a very mean opinion of the historian's task and of his qualifications. The History of Religions "can furnish the necessary historical data, but it cannot impart the insight and trained acuteness that will insure the right employment of the materials thus obtained."

If we ask, then, for his conception of the scope and end of Comparative Religion, he prefers to define its territory negatively—it is not this and not that and not the other thing. In the volume before us he has sought to arrive at a delimitation of Comparative Religion by a process of elimination. If anthropology, sociology, mythology, psychology, the history of religion, and the rest, are set aside, the remainder will be Comparative Religion. But, unfortunately, x—(a+b+c.....+n) is still an unknown quantity. Positively, we get no better comfort than that the new science is in a state of transition—from non-existence to existence, presumably—and therefore its boundaries and its contents cannot yet be finally determined. Mr. Jordan is sure, however, that if enough professorships of "Comparative Religion" were endowed and journals founded, it would, in time, discover what it was about.

In regard to the end of the science he is more explicit:

> The History of Religions concerns itself with facts, arranged (if possible) in orderly sequence; Comparative Religion is in search of those laws (discoverable behind the activities of all religions) which tend invariably to produce certain results under certain definite conditions.
>
> The real aim of Comparative Religion is to investigate and expound, through the competent comparison of data collected from the most diverse sources, the meaning and value of the several faiths of mankind.

This is plain enough. We are to have a science which will discover the *laws* of religious development and appraise the relative *values* of the several religions as a whole, or of particular features in them. Mr. Jordan makes large promises about this science, sometimes in his own capacity, sometimes as a prophet in the name of the "science" itself. An expert in it will take the facts which the historian supplies, but *ex hypothesi* does not understand, and interpret them; he "will be able to say with confidence what these facts MEAN—not what they *probably* mean, but what they *unquestionably* mean, when one reads unerringly their actual and authentic significance." Elsewhere he speaks in a similar vein of self-confidence about what the "comparativist" will do, the skill with which he will do it, and the security, not to say infallibility, of the results he will announce. It is a pity that Mr. Jordan has never undertaken to give a concrete specimen of the problems and methods of the new science to illustrate his definition. We learn, however, that he has projected at least two such works, and when he has published them we shall know better how the performance comes up to the promise.

Meanwhile, the historian will probably say to himself that ambitious and confident attempts to discover the *laws* under which things invariably occur in history have been made a good many times, with results which have made the modern generation of scholars less eager to assimilate history to chemistry; and that the would-be Buckle of religions will take upon himself an even more hopeless task than the social and political historian of similar pretensions. And as for the appraisement of values, it may well be asked what the standard of valuation is to be, or perhaps the question should be more properly put, Who is he? Even if an objective standard or scale were conceivable, instead of a purely subjective opinion, the historian would observe that a religion, like all other human institutions, is not good or better abstractly, as it were, in a vacuum, but only is good *for something*—for people of a given race, environment, time, and stage of civilization. The student of religions who approaches them in the true spirit of science will be content to leave all judgments of inferiority, or su

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periority, or "absoluteness," to the apologists of particular faiths. Here we touch one of Mr. Jordan's most conspicuous limitations—he is always essentially a theologian, as appears also in the not infrequent digressions in which he discusses the probable bearings of Comparative Religion on Christian theology and the feelings of Christian people.

So much being said—perhaps more than enough—on Mr. Jordan's enterprise in general, it remains to say that the volume before us is a survey of the literature of the last few years in the various fields to which the author denies the name Comparative Religion, with a chapter at the end on Comparative Religion in *his* sense—in which there is no literature. The survey consists of short reviews of the more important recent books, supplemented under each head by a list of others which are not reviewed. The notices are chiefly descriptive; the criticisms are almost uniformly benevolent, and not infrequently charitable with the charity that covers a multitude of sins.

Notes

"German Atrocities," by J. H. Morgan, will be published shortly by E. P. Dutton and Co.

D. Appleton & Co. announce the publication of "Exporting to Latin-America," by Ernst B. Filsinger.

"Waitful Watching," by James L. Ford, is announced for publication next month by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Edward Carpenter's volume of reminiscences, "My Days and Dreams," is announced as forthcoming by George Allen & Unwin (London). The same firm announces "With Botha's Army," by J. P. Kay Robinson.

The following volumes are published this week by the Macmillan Co.: "A History of Sculpture," by Harold N. Fowler; "Lawn Tennis Lessons for Beginners," by J. Parmly Paret; "A Short History of Germany," by Ernest F. Henderson; "The Things Men Fight For," by H. H. Powers; "What is Coming," by H. G. Wells; "Rest Days," by Hutton Webster.

Dodd, Mead & Co. announce for publication on June 3: "The Magazine in America," by Algernon Tassin; "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone," by Robert W. Service; "From Mons to Ypres with General French," by Frederic Coleman; "New Wars for Old," by John Haynes Holmes, and "The Tourist's Northwest," by Ruth Kedzie Wood.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce the forthcoming publication of the following: "Star of the North," by Francis William Sullivan; "Physics and Chemistry for Nurses," by Amy Elizabeth Pope; "The American Plan of Government," by Charles W. Bacon; "Glimpses of the Cosmos," by Lester F. Ward; "The King's Men," by John Palmer; "The Soldier Boy," by C. Lewis Hind; "Sonnets," by John R. Strong. "Cerebro-Spinal Fever," by Michael Foster, and "The Dynamic Theory of Gases," by J. H. Jeans, are published by the Putnams as representatives of the Cambridge University Press.

"The Dramatic Index for 1915" (Boston Book Co.; $4 net), edited by F. W. Faxon, is the seventh annual volume of this valuable publication. It would be difficult to bring together a more complete bibliography of the subject. Briefly, it includes names of actors and actresses; plays produced or published during the past twelve months, with references to representative criticisms and reviews; authors; books and articles on the drama, and a quantity of miscellaneous information. Cross references are carefully given. So far as we have tested the Index we have found it full and accurate in its references and singularly free from typographical errors.

"Information Annual, 1915," published by R. R. Bowker Co. ($4), is an attempt at a cyclopædia of current events which has grown out of the "Index to Dates" that at first formed a part of the "American Library Annual" and subsequently developed into a monthly periodical with quarterly cumulations. The quarterly is now cumulated into an annual of considerable usefulness as a work of ready reference for the news of the world during the past year. The record is naturally severely condensed, but the condensation is made with care and intelligence and the essential facts are given. Where further information is desired, the record of dates makes reference to the files of the daily newspaper an easy matter. The section on the European war is, of course, the largest in the book, covering 109 pages, and some of the information here given is remarkably detailed; the text of the American notes to Germany, for instance, being furnished in full, while the German notes are adequately summarized.

Though "frightfulness" has lost some of its value as a shibboleth for writers on the seamy side of the war, we can discover nothing redundant about the title of Prof. Herbert A. Gibbons's scathing and authoritative indictment of the unspeakable Turk in his brochure on the recent Armenian atrocities. "The Blackest Page of Modern History" (Putnam; 75 cents net) contains irrefutable evidence of the systematic effort of the Turkish Government, availing itself of the present struggle, deliberately to exterminate an inoffensive people. Readers of this little book will find it full of the necessary facts, free from bias or sentimentalism, and written by one who has taught at Robert College, travelled extensively in the interior, and has studied the intimate life of both Turk and Armenian. Professor Gibbons is at pains to clear the question of all the crude and befogging data that have been so assiduously dispensed from Constantinople; he meets every charge and excuse with "authentic eye-witness testimony," carefully sifted and verified, and was himself present at Adana when the massacre was in progress, besides visiting various other places immediately after fire and sword had been at work. It is difficult to refrain from quoting at length from his harrowing pages. It suffices to brush aside the trumpery charge of the Turkish Government that the atrocities since the beginning of the war were due to an organized revolution of Armenians. A more ingenious excuse could not have been fabricated for the ears of neutral Ambassadors. Not content with butchering the men who served in their ranks during the Balkan wars, the Turks were determined upon extermination of the historic race, and hit upon deportation as a final measure:

> From May until October, the Ottoman Government pursued methodically a plan of extermination far more hellish than the worst possible massacre. Orders for deportation to Mesopotamia were dispatched to every province of Asia Minor. These orders were explicit and detailed. No hamlet was too insignificant to be missed. The news was given by town criers that every Armenian was to be ready to leave at a certain hour for an unknown destination. There were no exceptions for the aged, the ill, the women in pregnancy. The time given varied from two days to six hours. No household goods, no animals, no extra clothing could be taken along. Food supply and bedding was limited to what a person could carry. And they had to go on foot under the burning sun, through parched valleys, and over snow-covered mountain passes, a journey from three to eight weeks.

These are facts known to us now, but the hideous dénouement that was completed by the Kurds is only just available for publication. "Did Lord Bryce say eight hundred thousand?" said an English woman to the author, who had witnessed part of the final phase. "Well, it must be a million now." Her trustworthy evidence is alone sufficient to refute the suave announcement from the Turkish Ambassador at Washington that "these stories are 'fabrications,' and that 'no women and children have been killed.'" That "frightfulness" plays no small part in this story is maintained by Professor Gibbons. "In one large city of Asiatic Turkey, an American missionary, a man whom I know personally and whose word can be trusted implicitly, saw a German officer directing the artillery fire of the Turks upon the Armenian civilian population. In two other places, at least, German Consuls defended the Ottoman policy both of massacre and of deportation." The reader must discover for himself Professor Gibbons's reason why "the Germans, and the Germans alone, will benefit by the extermination of the Armenians," and why Ambassador von Wangenheim declared to Ambassador Morgenthau that Germany could not intervene in the internal affairs of Turkey.

The publication by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch of a series of lectures given to Cambridge students on the recently founded chair of English literature may be a reminder that not American youths alone require instruction in managing sentences ("On the Art of Writing"; Putnam; $1.50 net). Sir Arthur's book is the equivalent in England of the manual of English composition which has become so familiar an instrument in this country. Yet what a difference! Though evidently planned with great care, these lectures have a charming informality. As might be supposed, there are graceful allusions to the Classics and there is much poetic feeling, in spite of a scheme which is as precise as it is ingenious. The total impression which the book makes is that style is so much a part of character that it must be studied in the traditional stream of England's culture. The author's vocabulary is not scientific; so the well-worn terms "unity, mass, and coherence" are lacking. Instead he makes much of appropriateness and accuracy and then proceeds to provide a right instinct for style by defining the genius of verse and that of prose. England's literary heritage from ages even so far back as the

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great days of Greece is described in glowing terms, and there is a sketch of English literature as it was fostered by the universities. A short chapter on Style completes a book which is likely to be regarded by American instructors in English composition as queer.

It is true that the problem of teaching how to write is more complicated in this country than in England. Here many students not only lack the culture which is presumed in nearly every young man in an English university, but do not possess a command of idiom. There have to be what are sometimes called "awkward squads." An elaborate machinery is devised for them, and instructors themselves, in keeping their records, go through a system of bookkeeping which to the casual onlooker must seem disgusting. Whether quite this extent of accounting is necessary may be doubted. Yet it is certain that to teach a large number of incompetents to write even passable English is an enormous task. The thing which makes one despair is that for the sake of the average student all other students have become victims. There is a growing conviction that the peculiar instruction in English composition employed in this country has done much to destroy a normal feeling towards language. For language is not a science, as products of instruction which requires so much machinery must conceive it to be. On the contrary, it will remain very much an art so long as it continues to convey the personal thoughts and feelings of individuals. We are aware that more advanced courses are at the service of those who show some distinction, and that the elementary routine is relaxed. But students are not likely to throw off the incubus of their earlier training. In some fashion they must be taught to feel language through the living current of literature and civilization; and that this can be done in such a way as to give great attractiveness to the subject Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has made quite evident.

The author of "Historic Churches in Mexico," Mrs. John Wesley Butler (Abingdon Press; $1.50 net), is the wife of a missionary, and has lived in that country for thirty-six years. She finds it necessary to attach a new meaning to the word "historic" in her title, and she explains that the historic churches are those "which have gathered around themselves a certain history, and particularly a certain amount of legend and folklore." The volume consists of a large number of illustrations, with a running commentary arranged on no apparent principle of order, and presents a series of statistics and legends with as little literary success as a guide-book for tourists. "The Superstitious Churches of Mexico" is a better title for what the author has to say, the natural consequences of the writer's point of view leading to an unsympathetic treatment. A book of personal observation, without the slightest evident knowledge of architecture, and of history apparently only the scraps gleaned from a guide-book, should rely for success on the charm of the author's personality or the skill with which the impressions are conveyed. But in the absence of both knowledge of the subject and personal interest, the superstitious side of the Church in Mexico must be very painful to the author and uninteresting to the reader. Even the element of artistic appreciation is confined to "richly adorned," "superb," "exquisite," and similar phrases. The loose and clumsy composition of the book results in some interesting examples of English distorted by the influence of Spanish idiom. Speaking of a clock in Cuernavaca, Mrs. Butler says: "The works were of wrought iron, which, when needing recent repairs these were made by a blacksmith."

The ephah of barley, which represents a day's gleaning after the reapers by Ruth in the field of Boaz, would not be an unjust equivalent for a later day's gleaning after the reapers done by Clifton Johnson, and now measured out to the reader in "Battleground Adventures in the Civil War," published by Houghton Mifflin Company ($2 net). These experiences, principally of farm hands, watchmen, children, former slaves, cooks, and other humble folk, who lived upon or near the battlefields of the War of the Rebellion, and narrated in their own vernacular, would hardly have been considered worth collecting and printing at any other time than the present, when an exaggerated social sense has resulted in a dulling of the sense of perspective, of value, and of beauty. It would be surprising if in these 422 pages there were not occasional evidences of humor, intelligence, and spirit. These qualities are, however, too rare to lighten the dull telling of sordid or petty purposes and unimportant experiences. The author seems to have deliberately avoided, in the main, the thousands of survivors of the great conflict who could have told him something worth recording.

In 1807 it became necessary to plan for the extension of New York city north of Fourteenth Street. No comparison was possible between the convenience of the straight streets and regular pattern of Philadelphia and the cow-paths of Boston—the only other large cities in the country—but the commission, the first City Plan Commission in our history, had interminable discussions over the course to adopt. At last, if we may trust tradition, one of the commissioners picked up a mason's wire screen—they were meeting in an unfinished building—placed it upon a map of Manhattan, and said: "Here is a plan. Let the larger, vertical wires represent the north and south avenues, and the frequent small cross wires the streets that go east and west." The proposal was instantly accepted. The rectangular arrangement of streets is at least as old as Babylon (*dux femina facti*, if Queen Semiramis was the author of the idea, as is ungallantly suggested), but it has found its greatest welcome in this country, until it is known abroad as "the American method." To some extent we are making amends for our excessive devotion to it by agitation against its further spread. Yet, as Charles Mulford Robinson notes in "City Planning" (Putnam; $2.50 net), the advantages of this method are neither few nor small. "For a small town on a fairly level site, the rectangular street plan has, indeed, very much in its favor. Had Philadelphia grown no larger than Penn planned it, the plan he made for its flat site would have been a pretty good one." The book, which is so thorough a revision of the author's "The Width and Arrangement of Streets" as to be virtually a new work, is noteworthy for its calm consideration of a subject which has its share of enthusiasts. Although the older book appeared only four years ago, laws relating to city planning, which required little attention then, have so multiplied that they cannot be discussed exhaustively in the new one. The interest of the text is enhanced by the fifty-eight illustrations.

A melancholy interest attaches to the publication of a volume of sermons by the late Canon Driver, of Oxford, under the title "The Ideals of the Prophets" (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark), for they recall the great loss that Old Testament and general Semitic scholarship incurred when Canon Driver, still in the prime of life, passed away two years ago (February 26, 1914). Dr. Driver had left instructions to have a volume of his sermons published, and had even chosen a certain number for the purpose. Twenty sermons are included in the collection, all of them delivered at the Cathedral Church of Christ, Oxford, of which Dr. Driver, by virtue of his office as regius professor of Hebrew, was a canon, serving for a continuous period of thirty-two years. The sermons are reflexes of Dr. Driver's accurate and illuminating scholarship, and he is singularly happy in introducing the results of learned and more or less technical investigations, without the appearance of pedantry, and without that obtrusion which might so easily convert a sermon into a philological discussion. The sermons themselves are of the distinctly English type, dealing with the larger moral and spiritual problems of human life, but with less reference to present-day conditions than would be found in the utterances of American divines. Only occasionally, as in a discourse on comparative religion, and in one commemorating the 300th aniversary of the publication of the Authorized Version of the Bible, do we find views set forth which betray a scholar keenly interested in the problems of the present, as well as in the study of the past.

The January number of the *American Journal of International Law*, appearing very late, opens appropriately with Elihu Root's Presidential address at the banquet of the American International Law Society, held in Washington on December 28 last. The present situation, resulting from the denial by one Power of the obligations of treaties, is involved in perplexity. Certain tendencies in warfare can only be limited by the establishment and enforcement of definite rules of conduct which cannot be violated by the individual without bringing injury on himself. The only power capable of imposing punishment on an offender is that of collective civilization, and any exercise of that power must be based on international public opinion, not merely on written agreements or the accidental dictates of particular interests. Hence we come to the establishment of a Court of International Justice, the execution of whose decrees must be brought about either through direct action of Governments, forcible or otherwise, or through the terrible consequences to the delinquent nation of finding itself without respect or honor in the world, deprived of the confidence and good-will necessary to the maintenance of intercourse with other nations. Violations of international law should, therefore, cease to be regarded as the concern only of nations whose rights have been violated, and should become the concern of every civilized nation. Mr. James W. Garner's comprehensive paper on "International Law in the European War"

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includes an historic summary of obvious violations, with particular reference to the submarine. He quotes a high authority, writing in 1911, as showing that down to that time no naval Power, not even through lax privateers, had ventured to sink a ship displaying the flag of a neutral state. He also cites the strict rules promulgated by both belligerents in the Russo-Japanese War concerning the destruction of prizes and the provisions to be made for the safety of all persons on board as well as of the vessel's papers and other objects necessary for throwing light on the case in the subsequent inquiry in the prize court. Alexander Holtzoff contributes a paper on "Some Phases of the Law of Blockade." In addition to other signed articles, the long chapter of Editorial Comment presents a valuable treatment of various questions of vital and timely interest, among them "The Monroe Doctrine."

Drama

"A LADY'S NAME."

As played by Miss Marie Tempest, for whom Cyril Harcourt wrote the piece, and a most competent cast, this bit of froth is sufficiently amusing for post-prandial diversion. Without Miss Tempest and, one may add, without the admirable work as producer of Graham Browne, it might well prove too unsubstantial for human consumption. All of plot it has is the advertising by a sprightly lady, Mabel Vere, for a husband and her interviews with the various applicants. The lady is in no need of a husband, being already engaged, as it turns out, to an unspeakable cad; she is a popular novelist and scents excellent copy in the interviews. The fun begins with the coincidence of both Noel Corkoran and his butler answering the advertisement, the latter in all seriousness, the former as a result of a bet, and the second act, in which Mabel accepts the butler's invitation to tea in Corkoran's kitchen, has some excellent fooling and provides Miss Tempest with good opportunity for the exercise of her particular talents as comedienne. The conclusion, unimportant as it is, is, of course, in sight from the beginning; the advertisement produces that for which it was ostensibly inserted; the cad is sent about his business, and Corkoran dismisses his butler.

The piece is excellently played. As Mabel Vere, Miss Tempest is clever and amusing in her own inimitable fashion, and Graham Browne, as Corkoran, gives the smooth and intelligent performance for which one looks from this capable actor. Stanley Harrison is good as an oleaginous butler, and others in the kitchen scene give each a clearly defined characterization. The same applies to the work of three unsuccessful suitors, one of whom is ejected bodily by an athletic suffragette, appropriately played by Miss Lillian Cavanagh. The production is at Maxine Elliott's Theatre. S. W.

"MOLLY O'."

This is a pleasant little musical play, produced at the Cort Theatre on Monday, with ambitions in the direction of comic opera which are better realized by the composer than by the librettists. The latter are the two Smiths, Harry B. and Robert B., trustworthy and experienced artisans, who have produced a book which passes muster for a "summer operetta," but which is wholly uninspired. The plot, which concerns an American heiress and a foreign nobleman who resents the imputation that he is a fortune hunter, holds together rather better than is usual in Broadway productions, but the humor is mainly of the obvious type exemplified by the discomfort of a stout and self-made millionaire on wearing patent-leather shoes for his daughter's wedding. Unfortunately, perhaps as a misguided effort to give "ginger" to the piece, the same millionaire, played by Tom Lewis, introduces into one of his songs a verse of quite unspeakable vulgarity which is wholly out of keeping with the general tone of the production, and which should be speedily eliminated. For the rest, the piece is clean, wholesome, and mildly entertaining. The music, by Carl Woess, is decidedly above the average, and is well rendered by principals and chorus.

S. W.

Art

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, May 10.

In the winter the Royal Academy sacrificed its exhibition to the needs of the wounded, and for some months its galleries were given over to the work of the Red Cross. But now the Red Cross has made way for art again, and the summer exhibition has opened to the public as usual on the first Monday in May, for Academicians could no more imagine London in May without an Academy than London in May without lilacs and laburnums in the parks. And yet, in some respects, the Academy shows unprecedented signs of change. That the annual banquet should be abandoned is a natural concession to wartime. But that the press-day catalogue should be interleaved with blank paper for the convenience of the critic, that the right to the one illustrated catalogue should be reserved for the profit of the Academy instead of an enterprising publisher, that five shillings should admit anybody who wants to go to the private view—these, small matters as they may seem in themselves, become daring and radical innovations in probably the most conservative Academy in the world.

Unfortunately, the spirit of change does not reveal itself where it is most needed. The exhibition is much as it has always been except for the prevalence of khaki on the walls and the number of war pictures, and khaki has the most depressing effect upon the British portrait painter, and war so far has not helped to enlarge the vision of any British artist or to inspire him to the masterpiece. The one portrait painter who shows on his canvas that he has not merely realized the difficulties, but endeavored to evade them, is Maurice Greiffenhagen, a new associate-elect of the Academy, an honor which, if it can be considered one, the Academy could as justly have conferred upon him twenty years ago as to-day. His problem was all the more difficult because he had two sitters to deal with—Capt. Haviland Parkinson and Lieut. Gilbert Parkinson—and his way of solving it was at best but a half-measure. It was to give them the romantic background he has so often given to his purely romantic subjects. He has grouped the two officers against a wide expanse of sky of a blue that exists only in his paintings; one, entirely in khaki realistically rendered, is seated, the blue of the sky repeated in his eyes, his legs crossed, his outstretched foot, with a high light on the toe of the brown boot, aggressively thrust in the centre of the composition; the other officer stands at his side, and is in Grenadiers uniform, the overcoat thrown open to show the red coat, which is treated frankly as a flat space of color in a conventional decorative scheme. You seem to see the painter hesitating between realism and decoration, and losing all unity of composition in his hesitation. But at least he has tried to do something more interesting than handkerchief-box smugness or tailor's dummy woodenness; he has wrestled with a problem, and if it has led to failure, he has not satisfied himself with the mere photographic transcript with which too many exhibitors are content.

Turn, for instance, to Harold Speed's much larger and more ambitious portrait of King Albert of Belgium. Here both decoration and realism are left out of the case altogether; there is no hesitation. The King, now so familiar a figure in London shop windows, stands in his motor, staring out of the canvas as if in ready deference to the journalist with a camera waiting for him just in front. The slightest suggestion of an official representation paralyzes the painter. The chief centre in the chief gallery is supposed to be devoted to "the picture of the year," which this May, therefore, is Herbert A. Olivier's record of the meeting of General Joffre, M. Poincaré, and King George at Merville on December 1, 1914. Historic meetings have before now been an inspiration to the painter—there was Velasquez at Breda. But in the big English canvas, General, President, King, and their respective staffs are all posing as conscientiously and stiffly as if the intelligent photographer had just given his order, "Don't move!" and it seems to set the standard.

Sentiment, so dear to the British painter, does not help matters. One would have thought there was plenty of it and to spare for Richard Jack when he chose as subject The Return to the Front: Victoria Railway Station, 1916. But the huge canvas, overglowing with khaki and incident, only sets one thinking of the very much smaller Railway Station, by Frith, the discredited Victorian, who managed to make of the same theme, without the sentiment, a record that will remain. Nor is it better when more violent action is attempted and Canadian cavalry charge across open country, or British Tommies shoot from their trenches, or aeroplane engages aeroplane in toy battles, or navies meet each other on the high seas.

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The last thing the Academy painter gets out of his war subject is color or movement or life.

Allegory, however, has not proved quite so barren to two of the many painters who have sought their inspiration in it. The ideas of the majority are as feeble as their interpretation, but Brangwyn and Clausen, as seen at the Academy anyway, rise above the dead level of ineffectiveness. Brangwyn's Mater Dolorosa Belgica is built up on the large lines that, at a first glance, always suggest more than is always found in his paintings and prints. Meunier and Meunier's sorrowing mother may have been in his mind, but he has neither the Belgian master's simplicity of vision nor his sense of the tragedy of humanity. Across the centre of the composition a man, nude to the waist, lies prostrate, his head and shoulders supported by a black-robed woman vaguely seen in her heavy black draperies, who raises one of his limp hands to her lips. At his feet pink crocuses spring from the brown earth; behind the tragic group shadowy forms rise against a green sky, and purple distance as impossible in Belgium as in any other land known to mortals. What the forms are I should be the last to state with certainty. When I looked first at the painting, it hung in strong sunlight, and, covered with glass as it was, reflected myself and other eager critics peering into it. I returned in a cooler light towards the end of the afternoon. I made out, or so I thought, broken architecture and withered trees, symbolic of Belgium's ruin, and also sombre figures wandering in sombre shadows. That these things were actually on the canvas, even then I should have hesitated to say, but, with or without them, Belgium's tragedy is lost in the forced and artificial color and gloom, which, like the dense shadows in some of Brangwyn's etchings, seem full of mystery and meaning until to look closer is to find them empty. Clausen, in Youth Mourning, strikes another note and is concerned with another theme—not sorrow for the loss of the world of the past that the war has killed, but sorrow for the new world to come to which the war will have left sadness as its legacy. The canvas is more reticent, both in size and in treatment. In the immediate foreground of a bare gray landscape the nude figure of a young girl, with pale yellow hair, crouches, her face low on the ground and hidden in her hands. Three gaunt gray crosses rise directly behind her; in the gray distance a crop of gray crosses spring up on either side; still further is the dark gray of a low range of hills that meets a long rift of faded gold in a gray sky. The figure is ugly and constrained in pose; it is too detached from the landscape; it interrupts the gray harmony which it should concentrate; it has no relation to the gray ground from which the grass grows in the regular, straight lines of convention. As with Brangwyn's Mother of Sorrows, the sound of mourning comes to us a long way round by the artist's studio.

If war has not inspired artists, it has left them in no mood to be inspired by anything else. Important commissions evidently have been few in this year of war, which is not surprising, and the old-fashioned Academy machines done for the sake of *réclame* are fewer still. Sargent is missed. Not that he is altogether absent. He shows two small decorative designs—Archers, posing with their bows on pillowy white clouds against a space of blue, and Bacchanals, grouped as Bacchanals have been from time immemorial and also against a blue background, both in oval frames and most likely mere parts of a larger decorative scheme. But, hung as pictures, they are singularly uninteresting and ineffective for Sargent. The nearest approach to the vigor, the vitality, in paint which it has usually fallen to him to wake us up with at the Academy, is supplied by Brangwyn, who has a Poulterer's Shop on the same scale, in point of size, as the Mater Dolorosa—a sort of *fame Snyders*, in which he has let himself go with a greater suggestion of dash than in his war allegory. Against a strip of red, probably borrowed from his own studio properties and not from the shop, a huge swan hangs with its wide white wings extended; lemons, potatoes, leeks, and other objects not too well defined lie about here and there in the shadows, making the little blobs of color, though lower in tone than usual, with which Brangwyn carries out most of his big designs. It aims at a showy vigor of craftsmanship, but it is a comfort at the Academy to come across a painter who obviously is not afraid of his palette and his brush, and who has convictions, even if we may not share them. Work of this kind seems done out of sheer bravado. It is clever, and that is about all that can be said. The Chantrey Trustees have just selected the painting as one of this year's purchases, and, with a place in a public gallery, it probably fulfils the end for which it was painted.

Where so much is perfunctory, any sign of amusement in his work on the part of the artist is welcome. For this reason the jumble of color in Daniel A. Veresmith's Jumble Stall remains pleasantly in one's memory when many a more pretentious performance is forgotten. Greiffenhagen's romanticism in a romantic Pastoral, despite the labored, statuesque pose and grouping of the figures, strikes one as more legitimate and appropriate than the romanticism of his military portrait. But the painter who has had most joy in his subject, or most ability to express it in paint, is Gerald Moira. He has seen a group of War Workers, with white veils, white sleeves, white aprons, busy over bandages and lint in a high light room looking out upon the sky and a row of chimney-pots, and the gayety of their uniforms and the sunlight in the simple interior has appealed to him so keenly that the gayety alone, with not a suggestion of the tragedy for which they work, is indicated on his canvas. And so it is with the bare white room where his four small sons are at play and the sun streams through the blue-curtained window, curtains and sunshine reflected in an old mirror above the mantelpiece to one side, and the brilliant light bringing out gayly the gay flowers of a chintz-covered sofa. The boys in the simply furnished room, like the white-veiled women in theirs, are but details in the color scheme; in neither interior is there any atmosphere; but in both gayety enlivens the flat pattern. The painter's achievement may not be of the greatest; within his limits, however, he succeeds and shares his own pleasure in the gayety with all who look upon his record.

The portrait painter does not escape from his depression when his sitter is not in khaki. Orpen, who struggles to escape, veers dangerously near to caricature on the one hand and exaggeration on the other. To Lord Spencer, seated in front of a blue velvet curtain in its first shop freshness, he has given a collar of such abnormal height and dazzling whiteness and a necktie of such bulging proportions and equally dazzling whiteness, that the man who wears them disappears, as subordinated to symbols as if he were meant to illustrate not life as we know it, but a page in Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus." It seems that Lord Spencer does run to extravagance in collars and neckties, but he cannot be quite so swallowed up in them. In another portrait of a man Orpen plays with the lines and wrinkles of the face until they alone remain, and he has but to carry them just a little further to become as absorbed in abstract form as the avowed Cubist or Vorticist, whose work has not as yet been allowed on Academic walls nor himself admitted into the Academic fold. When it comes to the portrait of a girl in white and rose evening gown, Orpen returns to the old Academic trick one thought outworn, and seems bent on making her leap from out the deep, dark background that should envelop her and keep her well within the frame. With Lavery, it is fashion that threatens the pitfall, but the trouble is, the women who sit to him would doubtless not have it otherwise. His Hazel in Black and Gold, though her pose on his large full-length convas recalls that of Sargent's Carmencita, unmistakably rejoices more in her realization of all that is "smart"; as she stands, charming and irreproachable, she must be the envy of all the well-dressed women who come to look at her. One could almost imagine that the gold left over from her portrait on the painter's palette had come in conveniently for the gold on the Lord Mayor's robes, so much more important do these robes seem than the Lord Mayor himself, as Lavery represents him, while the same painter's Lord Derby makes one wonder how so good-natured and commonplace a man has earned his reputation for energy and leadership. With Charles H. Shannon, arrangement is the fetich. His three small half-lengths of women—one of them bought for the Chantrey Bequest—are arranged respectively round a blue ring, a red ring, and a violet pendant, character, pose, modelling subordinated to the little spot of col-

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or. The painter has not achieved variety because he has made no effort to achieve it, he has not seen character because it does not interest him. I might go further and say that character is the one thing that does not interest the painter who shows at the Academy. The comment has often been made of late that the war has not brought to the fore any great man, whether in the army, the navy, or politics. This may be why it not only has not brought to the fore any distinguished painter, but apparently has put a restraint on those who gave promise in times of peace.

The landscapists have suffered as severely, but I think with more legitimate excuse. It is impossible to work out-of-doors anywhere in Europe unless the painter is armed with formidable permissions, and even with them, in belligerent countries, if he satisfies the police, he cannot escape a public suspicious of spies. The older Academicians, like Leader and Waterlow, Alfred Parsons and David Murray, keep on turning out the old Academic landscape, but the studio is perhaps as good a place as another for painting it. Edward Stott perseveres in producing his quiet, sad, gray countryside in pale evening light, refined, not without charm, but beginning, no matter what Biblical or literary interest he may burden it with, to have something of the emptiness of all formula. Adrian Stokes, too, threatens to lose himself in the snares of formula as he repeats his blue, snow-capped mountains year after year, and also La Thangue, vowed to blinding sunshine, and Mark Fisher, a slave to his sunlit gardens and pasture land. I cannot point to a landscape that gives any evidence of thought and study and a true grappling with outdoor effects and conditions, if I except Mrs. Laura Knight's Spring, and even this, if after no recipe of her own, seems to recall another day and another school. I question if she would have painted it as it is had Millais never painted his Blind Girl. One thing the Pre-Raphaelites succeeded marvellously in doing was to give an intensity almost tragic to the landscapes which they filled so scrupulously and laboriously with detail. Mrs. Knight's countryside is as elaborated as Millais's, it has something of his brilliancy; above it, too, stretches a great rainbow. But Millais introduced with the blind girl herself a figure that served as human symbol of the drama. She was subordinated to the landscape, and yet she added to, or repeated, the note of intensity. Mrs. Knight has not invented a more poignant human interest than the little that is to be had in two trippers laden with fishing traps. Her human note is banal to the last degree—the little rift that the greater artist would never have allowed to make his music mute.

The master's drawing, if ever it strayed into the Academy, would be lost in the unintelligent mosaic on the walls of the Water-Color Room, nor in the Black-and-White Room would it have a better chance. This most likely is the reason why the master prefers to send his drawing to other exhibitions. To look at the many memorial tablets and monuments in the Sculpture Hall is to await the end of the war with apprehension. Much is being said of the sculptor's chance which must come when, with peace, a grateful country will seek to commemorate its heroes. Meetings already have been held for his encouragement and for the maintenance of a high standard. But meetings cannot create artists and standards that do not exist. English towns and English churches, as it is, are sadly defaced by the British sculptor's good intentions, and one shudders to think what they must become after he has been let loose to fill them with his tributes to Ypres and Loos, to Gallipoli and Mesopotamia.

The Architecture Room is not much more stimulating. Plans by D. Barclay Niven and Raffles Davison for the beautifying of London at Charing Cross and Westminster remind one of the loss to architecture in this country when C. E. Mallows died last summer. He had large ideas for the improvement of London, especially on both sides of the river in the same part of the town, and he worked at them untiringly. Those who know them must hope that his fine drawings and notes and memoranda have been preserved. It is astonishing that, with these as guide, the authorities have deliberately gone out of the way to prevent their being carried on for generations to come. The County Council Hall, now going up on the south side of the river opposite Whitehall, has made the sweep of the Embankment there as it was suggested by Mallows an impossibility, while the hall itself is of an insignificance scarcely rivalled even in London. It looks like workmen's buildings, a workman said to me the other day, and he was a good critic. The brewery and shot works just a little beyond it have far more beauty. It may be that every town has the architecture it deserves. N. N.

Finance

THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND THE "PEACE RUMORS."

Up to the middle of last week the attention of the Stock Exchange had continued to converge almost exclusively on shares of industrial companies. The railway shares had remained in the background. Only the slightest activity appeared in the daily transactions in that part of the market. Prices for the best-known investment shares of that group stood 2 to 6 points above the lowest of the year—touched, as a rule, during the last dispute with Germany—but they were 5 to 6 points below last autumn's figures. Suddenly, on Thursday afternoon of last week, a heavy buying movement began; railway shares took the front of the stage. With great activity, advances of 2 to 6 per cent. occurred throughout the railway list in the subsequent five days, one stock, Reading, leading with a 20-point advance.

There were special reasons assigned by Wall Street; notably, the familiar reports of prospective "distribution of assets" by Reading and other companies. But why did the whole list of railways follow? Exactly an hour before the rise began, the Interstate Commerce Commission made its preliminary report of railway earnings for March and the nine months of the current fiscal year. That statement, including practically the entire railway mileage of the country, showed gains over 1915 of 25 per cent. in gross earnings for March, and 50 per cent. in net, with increases of 15 per cent. in gross and 43 per cent. in net for the nine months of the fiscal year.

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the period. They have been supplemented by a showing, for the companies thus far reporting gross earnings for April, of 22¼ per cent. over last year, fixing another "record" for that month. Weekly gross earnings thus far reported for May tell the same story. If it be asked, why the rise in prices should not then have begun before this and been carried even higher, the answer, perfectly well understood in Wall Street, has been that the British Treasury holds an unknown quantity of American securities, turned over to it by English investors—which it is selling from time to time to meet its obligations on exchange.

But this sudden turning of speculative attention to the railway shares brought forward a somewhat new point of view regarding the financial future. During several months, Wall Street has interested itself alternately in the possibility of a breach with Germany and in the economic uncertainties (commonly looked upon by the Stock Exchange as alarming) which would follow return of peace in Europe. The first consideration has obviously been disappearing. The abandonment of their recent murderous practices by the submarines has seemed to show, for the present at any rate, both good faith on the part of the German Government and ability to control the Admiralty. Indeed, so far as concerns the purposes of the German Foreign Office, last week's warning from Berlin to the pro-German conspirators in this country gave some added weight. It could at least be taken as confirmatory evidence of Berlin's desire to avoid at all hazards anything like a break with the United States. But if Germany is so anxious to end the war, may it not achieve the early return of peace? And if so, what is ahead of our own financial and industrial situation?

The business community has been so completely preoccupied since the year began with the obvious facts that exports of munitions, price of commodities like copper, lead, and zinc, and manufacture of war materials by plants designed for other business would have to face severe readjustment, that it has possibly overlooked some other considerations. There was the case, for instance, of our $350,000,000 exports of 1913 to Germany. There was the cotton market—under a war embargo in the export trade, the ending of which would unquestionably bring an immense demand to restore depleted foreign supplies. Not least of all, there was the highly debatable question whether the railway industry and railway investments would be helped or hindered by termination of the war.

When Wall Street was lately in its depths of pessimism, the common answer was that the transportation business would inevitably suffer, if severe and general trade reaction in this country were to follow peace. On closer examination, however, some other aspects of the matter were perceived. It is already perfectly well known that traffic in war munitions has been a very small part of the enormous business which has blockaded the railway sidings. The recent spectacular increase of earnings has been quite as visible in the agricultural West as in the industrial East. The country as a whole is busy and prosperous—partly, no doubt, in consequence of conditions arising from the war, but very largely also because the war has coincided with the normal and traditional period of aggressive revival from the prolonged economic readjustment following 1907.

Behind these considerations stood the further question whether, since railway securities have been held back by the constantly overhanging European liquidation, the return of peace would not mean something different to that portion of the market from what it would mean to the "munitions shares." It is that phase of the controversy on which the Stock Exchange has been passing tentative judgment during the present week. The problem is not solved—indeed, the talk of immediate peace is itself growing somewhat fainter.

Nevertheless, the change in the attitude of the Stock Exchange, and its sudden concentration of activity on securities whose fortunes, unlike those of the "munitions companies" and the metal-producing concerns, are not directly bound up with the demand for war material, points to some hitherto neglected considerations. It raises the question, whether the mere fact that an enormously destructive war is over will not, in due course, have the usual beneficent influence which traditionally belongs to it.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Breitenbach, L. M. Eleanor of the Houseboat. Boston: Page Co.
Canfield, D. The Real Motive. Holt. $1.40 net.
Emerson, W. The Latchstring. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Gregor, E. E. Warpath and Hunting Trail. Harper. 60 cents.
Grey, Z. The Border Legion. Harper. $1.35 net.
Hallet, R. M. Trial by Fire. Small, Maynard. $1.25 net.
Hay, J. The Breadwinners. With an Introduction by Clarence L. Hay. Harper. $1.25 net.
Hough, E. Let Us Go Afield. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Huard, F. W. My Home in the Field of Honour. Doran. $1.35 net.
Lees, G. F. The Night Cometh. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Lyle, M. Unhappy in Thy Daring. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Mordaunt, E. The Family. Lane. $1.35 net.
Olmstead, F. Father Bernard's Parish. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Palmer, J. The King's Men. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Piper, M. R. Sylvia of the Hilltop. Boston: Page. $1.25 net.
Walpole, H. The Dark Forest. Doran. $1.35 net.
Verrill, A. H. Marooned in the Forest. Harper. $1.25 net.
Young, F. E. M. The Bywonner. Lane. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Angell, N. The Dangers of Half-Preparedness. Putnam. 50 cents.
Baldwin, J. M. American Neutrality. Putnam. 75 cents net.
Bashford, J. W. China: An Interpretation. The Abingdon Press. $3.50 net.
Bjurstedt, M. Tennis for Women. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
Brooks, C. E. Life Insurance for Professors. Berkeley, Cal.: University of California Press.
Burroughs, J. Under the Apple Trees. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Cheiro. Palmistry for All. Putnam. $1.
Deming, S. From Doomsday to Kingdom Come. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 50 cents net.
Jefferson, C. E. Quiet Talks with the Family. Crowell. $1 net.
Jusserand, J. J. With Americans of Past and Present Days. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Kerner, R. J. The Foundations of Slavic Bibliography. University of Chicago Press. 50 cents net.
Larson, C. D. Nothing Succeeds Like Success. Crowell. 50 cents net.
Mackenzie, J. K. Black Sheep. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Marden, O. S. Making Life a Masterpiece. Crowell. $1 net.
Maurel, A. A Month in Rome. Putnam. $1.75 net.
Meloney, W. B. The Heritage of Tyre. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
Seton, E. T. Wild Animal Ways. Doubleday, Page. $1.50 net.
Smith, F. M. Mary Astell. Columbia University Press.
Tatlock, J. S. P. The Welsh "Troilus and Cressida" and Its Relation to the Elizabethan Drama. The Chief Problem in Shakespeare. The Siege of Troy in Elizabethan Literature, Especially in Shakespeare and Heywood.
The Socialism of To-day. Edited by W. E. Walling and Others. Holt. $1.60 net.
Travels in the American Colonies. 1690-1783. Edited by N. D. Mereness. Macmillan. $3 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Grotius, H. The Freedom of the Seas. Edited by R. Van D. Magoffin. Oxford University Press. $1 net.
Ladd, W. An Essay on a Congress of Nations. Reprinted by J. B. Scott. Oxford University Press. $1 net.
Scott, J. B. An International Court of Justice. Oxford University Press. $1 net.
Scott, J. B. The Status of the International Court of Justice. Oxford University Press. $1 net.
Scott, W. A. Money and Banking. Fifth edition, revised. Holt.
Steiner, R. The Philosophy of Freedom. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Wiest, E. The Butter Industry in the United States. Longmans, Green.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Carlyle, R. W. and A. J. A History of Mediæval Political Theory in the West. Vol. III. Putnam. $3.50.
Hall, J. N. Kitchener's Mob. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Mallet, C. Impressions and Experiences of a French Trooper. Dutton. $1 net.
Wright, C. H. C. A History of the Third French Republic. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

POETRY.

Clapp, F. M. On the Overland. Yale Univ. Press. $1 net.
Dickins, B. Runic and Heroic Poems. Putnam. $2 net.
Dodd, L. W. The Middle Miles. Yale Univ. Press. 75 cents net.
McClellan, G. M. The Path of Dreams. Louisville, Ky.: J. P. Morton & Co.
Norton, G. F. What Is Your Legion? Houghton Mifflin Co.
Stern, C. At the Edge of the World. Boston: Badger. $1 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Blair, W. The Death of Shakespeare. A Chronicle Play in two scenes. London: Blackwell. 1s. net.
Hirschfeld, G. The Mothers. Doubleday, Page. 75 cents net.
Kirkland, H. S. Expression in Singing. Boston: Badger. $1 net.
The Cambridge Songs. Edited by K. Breul. Putnam.

TEXTBOOKS.

Brigham, A. P., and McFarlane, C. T. Essentials of Geography. First and second books. American Book Co.

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